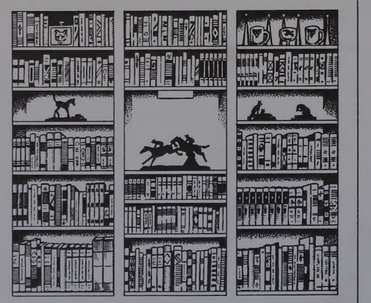
PICTURES of LIFE & CHARACTER

By JOHN LEECH

Fourth Series.



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

Pictures of Life and Character.

(FOURTH SERIES.)

PICTURES of LIFE & CHARACTER

BY

JOHN LEECH

FROM THE COLLECTION OF Mr. PUNCH.

FOURTH SERIES.

LONDON: BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., 8, 9, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.—4TH SERIES.

OUR LITTLE FRIEND TOM NODDY DETERMINES TO HAVE A DAY'S HUNTING IN A FRESH COUNTRY.

T. N. (loq.). "WELL NOW, OLD FELLOW, WHAT SORT O' COUNTRY IS IT WHERE WE ARE GOING TO-MORROW?"
His Friend. "OH, BEAUTIFUL!—VERY EASY. BIGGISH BULLFINCHERS WITH A DITCH ON ONE SIDE. TIMBER OF COURSE, SUCH AS POSTS AND RAILS, AND THAT SORT OF THING; AND IF WE GO TO MUDBURY, NOTHING BUT RAZOR-BACKED BANKS AND—WATER!"

FEARFUL PRACTICAL JOKE, PLAYED WITH A CHILD'S BALLOON UPON A SWELL.

Old Mr. Dibbs. "WHY, GEORGE! YOU NEVER RIDE HERE IN THE AFTERNOON—HOW'S THAT?"
Young Swellington. "NO-O-O. IT LOOKS AS IF ONE HAD SOME OCCUPATION, YOU KNOW, AND COULDN'T WIDE OF A MORNING. I ALWAYS WIDE BEFORE BREAKFAST, BETWEEN ELEVEN AND ONE!"

Officious Little Gent. "HOLLO, CABBY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR 'ORSE?"
Cabby. "WELL—THAT'S JUST WHAT I DON'T KNOW, AND I BRED HIM. YOU'RE ALWAYS WANTING TO BE BEHIND THE SCENES, YOU ARE! SUPPOSE YOU GET INSIDE AND SEE!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.

"OH, THAT I WERE IN THAT BALCONY!"

WISH EXPRESSED BY LITTLE TOM TIT, AS HE WALKED IN THE TIGHTEST OF BOOTS, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET.

A SHOCKING YOUNG LADY INDEED!

Emily (betrothed to Charles). "OH, CHARLES, ISN'T IT FUN? I'VE BEATEN ARTHUR AND JULIA, AND I'VE BROKE AUNT SALLY'S NOSE SEVEN TIMES!"

A NICE GAME FOR TWO OR MORE.

"—— FIXING HER EYES ON HIS, AND PLACING HER PRETTY LITTLE FOOT ON THE BALL, SHE SAID, 'NOW, THEN, I AM GOING TO CROQUET YOU!' AND CROQUET'D HE WAS COMPLETELY." (*From Rose to Emily.*)

A GROUND SWELL.

Party (who doesn't suff'r). "BRACING! AIN'T IT, JACK? I ALWAYS THINK THAT THE BEAUTY OF SAILING IS, YOU GET AIR AND MOTION WITHOUT FATIGUE. DON'T YOU THINK SO. EH?" [*Circumstances over which he has no control prevent Jack from speaking his mind.*

POLITE ATTENTION.

Lady. "OH, NONSENSE, CHILD.—THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!"
Boy. "NO, 'M. PLEASE, 'M, TWO YOUNG GENTS SAID IT LOOKED LIKE RAIN, AND I WAS TO FETCH YOU HOME IN THIS 'ERE CHEER!"

HOW TO MAKE A WATERING-PLACE PLEASANT TO VISITORS, PARTICULARLY INVALIDS.

TIME, 6·30 A.M. (*A Hint to the Powers that be at Sandbath.*)

THE LAST DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.—PACKING UP.

Maid (to Paterfamilias). "PLEASE, SIR, MISSUS SAY YOU'RE TO COME IN, AND SIT ON THE BOXES; BECAUSE WE CAN'T GET 'EM TO, AND THEY WANTS TO BE CORDED."

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.

A DIP IN FRENCH WATERS.

Jones (to Old Woman). "COM, SAR!—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?—AM I TO BE LED DOWN LIKE THAT FOR A QUARTER OF A MILE?"

SKETCH ON THE SEA-COAST DURING THE GALE.

Lord D-ndre-ry (to his Bwother). "A-A-A, I THAY, THAM! WATHER A DITHPLAY OF FIGGER—EH?"

"IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!"

THE LAST SWEET THINGS IN HATS AND WALKING-STICKS AT BIARRITZ.

A SEA-SIDE SUBJECT.—JOLLY FOR THE PARTY IN SEARCH OF REPOSE.

N.B. The Old Lady with the Parrot encourages Organ-Grinders, and when the Moon shines bright and clear, doesn't the Black Dog come out!

THE HAYMARKET AND THEREABOUT.

LATEST FROM ABROAD—POWDER AND ALL THE REST OF IT.

Old Miss Fribble. "HEM! CUT THESE OLD-FASHIONED MINXES OUT—FLATTER MYSELF!"

BOIS DE BOULOGNE—FOR CAVALIERS ONLY.

WHATEVER MAY BE A FRENCHMAN'S DEFECTS, HE AT LEAST KNOWS HOW TO DRESS—AND ISN'T THE HAT HE NOW WEARS A SWEET THING?

ENGLISH DARLINGS REFLECTED IN A FRENCH MIRROR!

(DEDICATED TO THOSE POLITE AND PROFOUND OBSERVERS OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—THE PARISIAN ARTISTS!)

THE NEW THING IN HAIR.

Lady Swell. "OH, YES, YOU KNOW! QUITE NEW! THE OLD NETS AND BEAVERS' TAILS GETTING AWFULLY COMMON, YOU KNOW!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.

THAT EXEMPLARY YOUNG MAN, JOSIAH SMUG, OF CLAPHAM, WOULDN'T GO TO SUCH A PLACE AS EPSOM FOR THE WORLD—BUT HE HAS NO OBJECTION TO RIDE ONE OF HIS FATHER'S HORSES BY WAY OF EXERCISE.

A SKETCH ON THE DOWNS.

Jolly Post Boy of the Period. "I SAY, BILL, DON'T YER WISH IT WAS DARLY DAY ALL THE YEAR ROUND?"

THE PARTY "WHO HAS A CERTAINTY" FOR THE EMPEROR'S PLATE.
N.B. SEND 18 POSTAGE STAMPS.

WE ARE SORRY TO SAY THAT THIS IS THE SAME EXEMPLARY YOUNG PARTY AS HE APPEARED RETURNING FROM THE DERBY!

THE RESPECTABLE CAPITALIST WHO WILL BET A THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST EVERYTHING, AND PAY IF HE LOSES—OF COURSE!

THE PIOUS PUBLIC-HOUSE.

(WHERE YOU MAY GET ADULTERATED BEER AND GIN.)

A PLACE IN WHICH THE GREAT BREWERS *DON'T* SEE ANY PARTICULAR HARM.

THE PROFLIGATE PASTRY-COOK'S.

(WHERE THEY SERVE THE DEMORALISING VEAL PIE AND GLASS OF SHERRY, OR FRENCH LIGHT WINE.)

TOO SHOCKING TO THINK OF!

A HUNTING APPOINTMENT.—VIVE LE SPORT AGAIN!

Distinguished Foreigner (who does not comprehend why a frost should stop Hounds.) "AHA! NO HONT ZIS MORNING—MON DIEU!—ZEN ZARE IS NO *DOG'S MEET* TO-DAY!"

A MERE TRIFLE.

Gertrude. "BUT, MY DEAR ARTHUR, HOW CAME YOU TO GET SUCH A 'CROPPER,' AS YOU CALL IT?"
Arthur. "WELL! IT WAS JUST THE LITTLE BIT OF A PLACE WHERE A FELLOW DOES GET SPILT SOMETIMES—THERE WAS A DITCH ABOUT A COUPLE OF YARDS WIDE, AND THEN A HIGHISH BANK, YOU KNOW, WITH A STIFFISH QUICKSET ON THE TOP—AND A NASTYISH POST AND RAILS JUST BEYOND—AND THEN ANOTHER WIDISH SORT OF A DITCH AND INTO A FIELD WHERE THEY HAD BEEN DRAINING—AND SO, YOU SEE, SOMEHOW OR OTHER WE CAME TO GRIEF!"

A HOT CHESTNUT IS A VERY GOOD THING AFTER DINNER, BUT IT IS NOT SO PLEASANT JUST AS THE FOX BREAKS.

Rough Rider. "BY YER LEAVE, SIR! MY YOUNG HORSE RUSHES SO IF HE'S KEPT WAITING!"

HUNTING FROM TOWN.—IT IS SAFER TO GO WITH YOUR ANIMAL.

Railway Porter (reflectively). "EARLY TRAIN! LET'S SEE! LITTLE BAY 'OSS, AND A BROWN 'OSS WITH A BIG KNEE? HAH! THEN YOU MAY DEPEND THEY'RE THE 'OSSES AS WENT ON TO YORK!"

GONE AWAY.

Old Coachman. "NOW, MISS ELLEN! MISS ELLEN! YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR PA SAID! YOU WAS TO TAKE THE GREATEST CARE OF JOEY!"——
Miss Ellen. "SO I WILL, ROBERT! AND THAT'S WHY I AM TAKING HIM OFF THE NASTY HARD ROAD, POOR THING!"

A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE WOOD.

Sporting Gent. "'OUNDS BEEN THROUGH HERE, OLD MAN?"
Old Man. "YA'AS!"
Sporting Gent. "'OW LONG?"
Old Man. "FIVE-AND-TWENTY MINNITS ABOUT!"

FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

Aunt Sally (*who is very particular*). "WELL, DEAR, DID YOU HAVE A NICE RIDE?"
Diana (*who is particular too, but jolly*). "OH! *DELICIOUS*, AUNTY; AND DO YOU KNOW, WE FELL IN WITH THE HOUNDS—FOUND A FOX AT MERRY'S GORSE, RUN HIM WITHOUT A CHECK FOR TWENTY MINUTES UP TO FRIAR'S PLANTATION—BOTHERED US A LITTLE THERE, BUT WE HIT HIM OFF AGAIN, AND AWAY WE WENT AS HARD AS WE COULD SPLIT, OVER SIMMONS' ENCLOSURES—INTO BROADFIELD PARK—RIGHT THROUGH OLD LADY GOLLOP'S GARDEN—YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A SIGHT—DIDN'T STOP THERE, BUT STEAMED AWAY DOWN FRESHWATER VALE, AND KILLED HIM IN THE OPEN, CLOSE TO DOLLMAN'S HEATH—AN HOUR AND TEN MINUTES BY MY LITTLE WATCH, AND CHARLEY BANCCROFT SAYS I WENT LIKE A BIRD, AND I'VE ASKED HIM IN TO LUNCH, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BECOME OF POLES AND THE COACH HORSE!"

CONSOLING FOR CONSOLS.

Young Hardman. "GOING TO DINGLEY CROSS ROADS?"
Consols. "YES!"
Y. H. "AH, THEN, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SENT YOUR *HORSE* ON!"
[CONSOLS *never rides upon less than* 250 *guineas, and thinks himself as near perfection as possible.*

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Railway Guard (as it is getting dark). "WOULD YOU LIKE A LIGHT IN THIS CARRIAGE, SIR?"
Swell (showing a Regalia in full blaze). "NO, THANKS; I HAVE ONE!"
[*Exit Guard overpowered.*

Elderly Passenger. "GOING OUT FISHING, I PRESUME, YOUNG GENTLEMAN?"
Young do. "NO! IT AIN'T FISHING RODS—IT'S SKY ROCKETS I'M TAKING DOWN FOR MY COUSIN'S BIRTHDAY. HAVE A WEED?"

Juvenile. "DO YOU OBJECT TO MY SMOKING A CIGAR, SIR?"
Elderly Party. "OH NO, CERTAINLY NOT, IF IT DOESN'T MAKE YOU SICK!"

CANINE.

Patron. "WELL, BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT SUCH A DAWG AS THAT COULD DRAW A BADGER?"
Fancier. "NOT DRAW A BADGER! WHY, BLESS YER 'ART, IT WOULD BE A LITTLE 'OLIDAY TO HIM!"

NOW WE DARE SAY YOU WONDER WHAT THE DEUCE THIS MEANS. THE FACT IS, THAT SMITH AND TOMKINS HAVE GOT A PLACE IN SCOTLAND THIS YEAR, AND THEY ARE DOING ALL THEY POSSIBLY CAN TO ACCUSTOM THEMSELVES TO DIZZY MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS, AND TO GET THEIR FACES AND LEGS THE PROPER TONE FOR THE NORTH.

MOST OFFENSIVE.

Railway Porter. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WAS THIS YOUR'N?"

SERVANTGALISM.

Lady. "THEN I SUPPOSE YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF PERFECTLY COMPETENT TO HEAR THE CHILDREN THEIR LESSONS, SHOULD THEY STAY AWAY FROM SCHOOL ANY DAY?"
Candidate for Situation. "HOH, YES, MEM! THE FAMILY I WERE WITH, SAID I HADN'T OUGHTER BE ANYTHINK BUT A NUSSERY GUVNESS!"

FLUNKEIANA—AMBITION.

Lady. "BUT I THOUGHT THAT YOU AND THE OTHER SERVANTS WERE PERFECTLY SATISFIED!"
Flunkey. "WELL, MEM, I AIN'T IN NO WAYS DISCONTENTED WITH MY WAGES, NOR WITH THE VITTELS, NOR NOTHINK OF THAT—BUT THE FACT IS, MY FRIENDS SAY THAT A YOUNG MAN OF MY APPEARANCE OUGHT TO BETTER HISSELF, AND GET INTO A SITUATION WHERE THERE'S *TWO* MEN BEHIND THE CARRIDGE!" (*Poor Fellow!*)

MASTER AND MAN.—A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS.

Master (to Swell Groom). "OH, SNAFFLES, I WISH TO SHOW THE NEW HORSE TO THIS GENTLEMAN—AND WE SHALL RIDE IN THE AFTERNOON."
Swell Groom. "VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT THE OSSES ARE LOCKED UP FOR THE PRESENT, SIR! AND WHAT OSSES WAS YOU GOING TO RIDE THIS AFTERNOON? I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO AVE *MINE* OUT IN THE DAMP!"

A PROPER PRECAUTION.

Mistress. "THERE, SIR! THERE'S A BOTTLE OF EAU DE COLOGNE FOR YOU, AND DON'T LET ME HAVE OCCASION TO COMPLAIN AGAIN!"
Stirrups (the Party who looks after the Horse and Chaise). "YES, MUM! BUT BE OI TO DRINK IT?"
Mistress. "NO, SIR; YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT AT TABLE TO-NIGHT, AND YOU ARE TO SPRINKLE IT OVER YOUR BEST LIVERY, THAT YOU MAY NOT BRING INTO THE HOUSE THAT DREADFUL EFFLUVIUM FROM THE STABLE THAT YOU HAVE HITHERTO DONE!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.

Mamma. "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR!—WHAT A PITY IT IS YOU CAN'T AGREE!"
Small Boy. "WELL, MAMMA, WE SHOULD AGREE, ONLY SHE'S SO UNKIND!—SHE WON'T BE A PIG, AND LET ME DRIVE HER ABOUT BY THE LEG!"

EMPHATIC.

Boy (to Nurse). "WHAT DID YOU SAY 'MADE HER ILL'?"
Nurse. "'ARK AT YOU, HALFRED! I DIDN'T SAY, 'MADE 'ER HILL'; I SAID, 'SHE LIVED AT MAIDA 'ILL'!"

Small Cousin. "DO YOU KNOW, ALICE, IT JUST OCCURS TO ME THAT THE GUARD THINKS WE ARE A RUNAWAY COUPLE!"

HISTORY.—THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

Emily (reads). "IN THE SUMMER THEY WERE NAKED, AND INSTEAD OF CLOTHES THEY PUT PAINT UPON THEIR BODIES. THEY WERE FOND OF A FINE BLUE COLOUR, WHICH THEY MADE OF A PLANT CALLED WOAD, WHICH THEY FOUND IN THEIR WOODS. THEY SQUEEZED OUT THE JUICE OF THE WOAD, AND THEN STAINED THEMSELVES ALL OVER WITH IT, SO THAT IN SUMMER THEY LOOKED AS IF THEY WERE DRESSED IN TIGHT BLUE CLOTHES."
Arthur. "AND DID THEY WALK IN THE PARK AND GO TO CHURCH SO?"

THE RISING GENERATION.

Small Boy. "GOING TO THE PANTOMIME, CLARA, THIS AFTERNOON?"
Clara. "A—NO—I'M AT HOME—AND HAVE A KETTLEDRUM AT THREE O'CLOCK!"

THE MORNING AFTER THE JUVENILE PARTY.

Papa. "WHY, TOM, I'M AFRAID YOU MUST HAVE EATEN TOO MUCH CAKE LAST NIGHT. YOU LOOK QUITE SEEDY THIS MORNING!"
Little Sister. "OH, NO, PAPA, DEAR, IT CAN'T BE THAT. HE EAT THE THINGS OUT OF THE CRACKERS, BUT HE DIDN'T TOUCH THE SEED CAKE!"

THE BATTUE.

Swell Keeper (*to party assembled*). "NOW, I WANTS A COUPLE O' LORDS FORRAD—A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE RIGHT, AND A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE LEFT! (*Turning to humble Commoner in Knickerbockers and Zouave gaiters.*) YOU TRY THE HIGH STUFF WITH THE BEATERS, AND TAKE YOUR CHANCE OF A *HARE BACK*."

NOT SO BAD AS HE SEEMS.

Country Friend (*apropos of Cockney Ditto*). "UPON MY WORD, THOMAS, IF I HAD THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN SO DANGEROUS, I WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT HIM OUT."

Keeper. "WELL, HE DU SHOOT A LEETLE WILD, SIR—BUT IT AIN'T O' MUCH CONSEQUENCE—I LOAD FOR UN—AND I DON'T PUT NO SHOT IN!"

SOMETHING IN THAT!

"NOW, TOM," SAID YOUNG JOE WAGLEY, "ONE OF US OUGHT TO GO ON THIS SIDE OF THE HEDGE, AND ONE ON THE OTHER; SO I'LL TAKE THIS, IF YOU WILL GET OVER THE STILE."—"OH, YES," REPLIED TOM; "BUT HOW ABOUT THE BULL?"

SPORT (!) IN 1859.—FOWL SHOOTING.

THE FEROCIOUS PHEASANTS THINK THEY ARE GOING TO BE FED, AND SURROUND THE HONOURABLE MR. BATTUE ACCORDINGLY.

SEA-SIDE STUDIES!

Impertinent Cousin (reads). "*The rocks along our Coast may be seen studded with these beautiful zoophites.* * * * *The skin is soft, and the tentacles are of the finest violet, mingled often with pink, mauve, green, and yellow; indeed the colours vary so much in different individuals, all alike beautiful, that it is impossible to describe them rigidly.* * * * *During the ebb of the tide, these creatures may be contemplated on a fine day to great advantage, and few spectacles are calculated to afford more pleasure to a lover of Nature.*"—"H'M!—HERE ARE TWO LOVELY SPECIMENS, FRED! YOU TAKE ONE, AND I'LL TAKE THE OTHER!"

THE READER IS REQUESTED TO OBSERVE, THAT THE LOWER EXTREMITIES REPRESENTED ABOVE DO *NOT* BELONG TO THE FAIR DAMSEL ON THE PLANK, BUT TO THE BOATMAN BEYOND, UPON WHOSE SHOULDER SHE IS LEANING.—WE, HOWEVER, RECOMMEND FLORA TO BE MORE CAREFUL HOW SHE COMPOSES HERSELF THE NEXT TIME SHE GETS OUT OF A BOAT.

"WELL! THE BOLDNESS OF SOME PEOPLE!"—A SKETCH ON THE BRIGHTON COAST.

WIND, S.W. FRESH.

TOMKINS, WHO IS NOT GRAND IN THE LEG DEPARTMENT, SAYS, "IT'S A VERY DISAGREEABLE DAY." THE YOUNG LADIES, HOWEVER, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, ENJOY IT AMAZINGLY.

THE DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.

INVALUABLE TO THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

First Partner (*to Second ditto*). "WHAT AN AGE WE LIVE IN! TALK OF THE INTRODUCTION OF STEAM OR OF GAS! JUST LOOK AT THE FACILITIES AFFORDED US BY ELECTRICITY. IT IS NOW SIX O'CLOCK, AND WE ARE IN FLEET STREET, AND THIS MESSAGE WAS ONLY SENT FROM OXFORD STREET YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AT THREE!"

PITIABLE OBJECTS.

Mr. Done (*to Mr. Dreary*). "NO! A DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS—BUT I AIN'T THE THING SOMEHOW! NO EMBAWASSMENTS OR ANYTHING O' THAT SORT. CAN'T MAKE IT OUT. S'POSE IT'S *OVERWORK!*"

"A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."

Mrs. Colley Wobble. "H'M, SO THEY ARE GOING TO TAX PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEIR OWN BEER, ARE THEY? THEN *I* DON'T BREW ANY MORE!"

Mrs. Tongs. "LOR, ADOLPHUS! HOW BEAUTIFUL THOSE BEANS SMELL!"
Adolphus (*probably in the hair-cutting line*). "THEY DO, INDEED, MY LOVE! THEY REMIND ONE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS 'AIR OIL!"

SCENE IN A MODERN STUDIO.

JACK ARMSTRONG HAS PAINTED A MODERN SUBJECT, FROM REAL LIFE, AND PAINTED IT UNCOMMONLY WELL.—STRANGE TO SAY, HE HAS SOLD HIS PICTURE.

MESSRS. FEEBLE AND FOTTER (*very high-art men, who can't get on without mediæval costume, and all the rest of it*) THINK IT A MISTAKE—CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, *THEIR* PICTURES ARE UNSOLD.

THE JOLLY GAME OF SNOWBALLING, AS PLAYED IN OUR SQUARE.

THE WEATHER AND THE STREETS.—1860.

Boy of the Period. "GO IT, TOMMY! THERE'S NO PERLICE, AND THE OLD GENT'S AFRAID TO COME OUT!"

THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS.—GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE BOYS.

Billy Wilkins. "HI! LOOK HERE! COME! SUCH A LARK! HERE'S A PERLICEMAN FELL ON A SLIDE!"

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Ellen (who is so simple). "NOW, PRAY TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, FRANK! WHAT IS IT THESE DREADFUL GAROTTERS CALL 'GIVING ONE THE HUG'?"

[FRANK *shows her presently.*

GRAND NURSERY STEEPLE-CHACE.

Steward, Clerk of the Course, &c., &c., MASTER TOM.

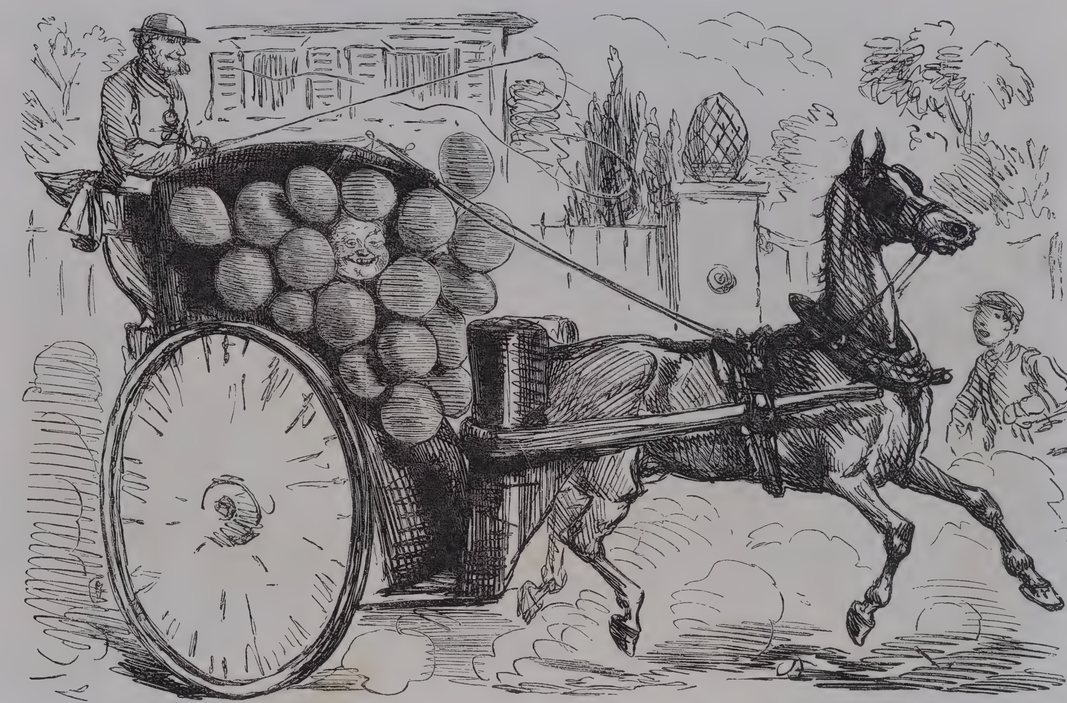
WE SHOULD THINK IT DID.

Clara. "MAMMA, DEAR! I WISH YOU WOULD SPEAK TO GEORGE: HE WILL KEEP SPINNING FREDDY'S NASTY GREAT HUMMING-TOP IN MY AQUARIUM, AND IT DOES SO FRIGHTEN THE MINNOWS!"

CONSOLATION.

Emily (to rejected Subs). "IT'S VERY DISAGREEABLE, CERTAINLY, TO BE UNSUCCESSFUL IN YOUR EXAMINATIONS, AND SO MANY TIMES, TOO! BUT I SHOULD WORK HARD, AND TRY AGAIN."

Younger and much too sharp Brother. "NEVER YOU MIND, CHARLEY! IT PROVES THAT THERE'S NO WANT OF *PLUCK* ABOUT YOU!"



RECOLLECTION OF A JOLLY OLD PATERFAMILIAS WE SAW THE OTHER DAY, WITH SOME AIR-BALLOONS FOR THE CHICKS.

CROQUET.

THE CRACKER BON-BON.

Two little Stoopids (with one voice). "I KNOW I SHALL SCREAM—I'M SURE I SHALL!"

ILL! OH, DEAR NO! ONLY INDISPOSED—TO WALK.

VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

THAT DISTINGUISHED RIFLE-SHOT, MR. PUNCH, HAVING DONE HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN, THROWS HIMSELF UNDER THE MISTLETOE, AND RECEIVES HIS JUST REWARD.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE IN JULY?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE IN JULY? WHY, RIDE DOWN TO RICHMOND WITH MAMMA AND THE GIRLS, AND GIVE 'EM A LITTLE DINNER, TO BE SURE!

CRUEL JOKE AT A FÊTE.

Horrid Boy (*to his Cousin*). "I SAY, ROSE! WASN'T THAT MAJOR DE VERE WHO JUST LEFT YOU?"
Rose. "YES!"
Horrid Boy. "AH, THEN, I THINK HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT A TREMENDOUS BLACK SMUDGE YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR NOSE!"
[*N.B.—Of course there is no smudge; but there's no looking-glass within miles for poor Rose to satisfy herself.*

FLY FISHING.

Piscator. "NOW THEN! I THINK I SHALL GET A *RISE* HERE!"

A TIT-BIT.

Omnibus Driver (*in the distance*). "HOLLOA JOE, NOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR DUCK, I'LL SEND YOU THE PEAS!"

THE CARTE DE VISITE.

Gent (*in Photographic Studio*). "A—LOOK 'ERE, YOU KNOW, MISTER, I DON'T WANT MY CART PUBLISHED, YOU KNOW, BUT IF ANY NICE GAL OR LADY OF RANK SHOULD WANT A COPY, WHY, YOU CAN SELL IT HER, YOU KNOW!"

DABBLING.

Master Jack (*to very refined Governess, who has suddenly appeared*). "OH, MISS FINNIKIN, DO COME IN; IT'S SO AWFULLY JOLLY!"

PORTRAIT OF A CERTAIN STUDENT WHO IS READING SO HARD AT THE SEA-SIDE.

FALSE ALARM, SURELY!

Miss Priscilla (*with the Dog*). "YES, IT'S THE WORST OF THESE WATERING-PLACES. THERE ARE SO MANY ADVENTURERS ON THE LOOK OUT FOR WIVES, THAT ONE IS ALWAYS IN FEAR OF BEING PROPOSED TO!"

THE BORES OF THE BEACH.

SO! AS IT'S A FINE DAY, YOU'LL SIT ON THE BEACH AND READ THE PAPER COMFORTABLY, WILL YOU? VERY GOOD! THEN WE RECOMMEND YOU TO GET WHAT GUINEA-PIGS, BRANDY-BALLS, BOATS, AND CHILDREN'S SOCKS, TO SAY NOTHING OF SHELL-WORK BOXES, LACE COLLARS, AND THE LIKE, YOU MAY WANT, BEFORE YOU SETTLE DOWN.

THE GREAT WHISKER-CUTTING MOVEMENT.

Unhappy Sub. "BY JOVE, YOU KNOW, AS IF ALDERSHOT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH OF ITSELF, WITHOUT DEPRIVING US OF THE ONLY AMUSEMENT WE HAD!"

A LITTLE ROWLANDS' MACASSAR WANTED SOMEWHERE.

A Hint to the Horse Guards.

CAPTAIN DE SMITH REMONSTRATES WITH MR. HOLMES, THE VET OF HIS REGIMENT, FOR MAL-PRONUNCIATION OF THE WORD HORSE. TO HIM THE VET: "WELL, IF A *HAITCH*, AND A *HO*, AND A *HAR*, AND A *HESS*, AND A *HE*, DON'T SPELL 'ORSE, MY NAME AIN'T 'ENERY 'OMES!"

MAJOR ALDERSHOT, RETURNING FROM PARADE, FLATTERS HIMSELF THAT HIS RAT-TAILED CHARGER IS MUCH ADMIRED SINCE THE SADDLER HAS SUPPLIED HIM WITH A NEW TAIL!

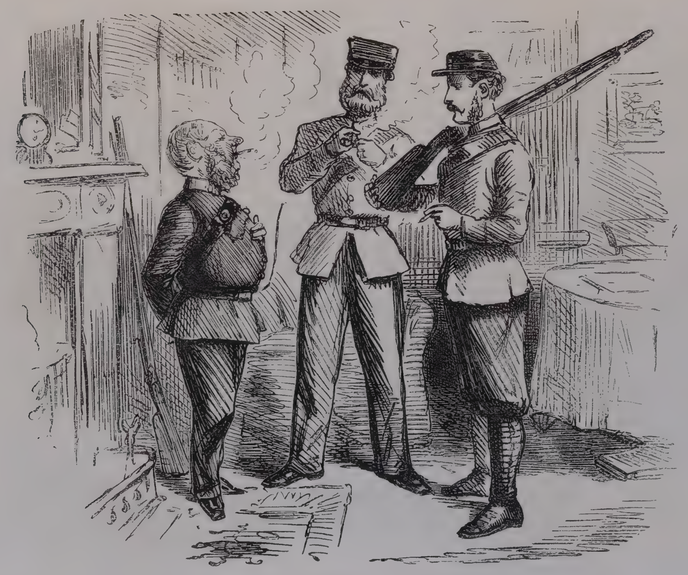
A FACT.

Short-sighted Officer. "SERGEANT! GET THAT MAN'S HAIR CUT IMMEDIATELY!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.

BROWN RECEIVES ORDERS TO PARADE AT HEAD-QUARTERS FOR THE PURPOSE OF "MARCHING OUT!"

Brown (loq.). "CALL THIS PLAYING AT SOLDIERS, INDEED! I'D MUCH RATHER BE BEFORE 'A HOT FIRE,' I KNOW!"
[*Nevertheless, Brown sticks to his duty like a man.*



THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Small Effective. "—AND THEN, JUST LOOK AT THE IMMENSE IMPROVEMENT IN THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF OUR FELLOWS!"

THE LEVEE.—A SKETCH IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Odious Juvenile. "OH, LOOK YE 'ERE, BILL, 'ERE'S A VOLUNTEER CORPSE FOR YER!"

WHAT OUR VOLUNTEERS OUGHT *NOT* TO DO.

THEY OUGHT NOT, FOR ONE THING, TO STAGGER THROUGH QUIET STREETS, DRUMMING AND TRUMPETING LIKE SAVAGES, AT MIDNIGHT. THIS, TO THE PARTICULAR CORPS IT CONCERNS, AND WHICH MADE NIGHT SO VERY HIDEOUS ON WEDNESDAY, THE 27TH ULT.

SNOOKS HAS JOINED A MOUNTED CORPS.

Snooks. "SPLENDID CREECHUR—AIN'T HE? BLESS YOU, HE'S A PERFECT BROKE CHARGER. WAS IN THE HORSE GUARDS ONCE. YOU SHOULD SEE HIM IN HIS ACCOUTREMENTS. *GOES IN HARNESS TOO, I BELIEVE!*"

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

Policeman (who, we are bound to say, is extremely civil). "WHITE TICKET, MA'AM? LETTER H?—YES, MA'AM. QUITE RIGHT. OVER THE HURDLES, IF YOU PLEASE?"

ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.

Grandmamma. "WHAT *CAN* YOU WANT, ARTHUR, TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL SO PARTICULARLY ON MONDAY FOR? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO STAY WITH US TILL THE END OF THE WEEK!"

Arthur. "WHY, YOU SEE, GRAN'MA—WE ARE GOING TO ELECT OFFICERS FOR OUR RIFLE CORPS ON MONDAY, AND I DON'T LIKE TO BE OUT OF IT!"

THE DARLINGS COME OUT TO SEE THE 38TH OTHERSEX VOLUNTEERS DRILLED.

Serjeant (appealingly). "NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, ONCE MORE. EYES FRONT!—AND PRAY, GENTLEMEN—PRAY DON'T *STARE ABOUT YOU AS IF YOU WERE IN CHURCH!*"

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

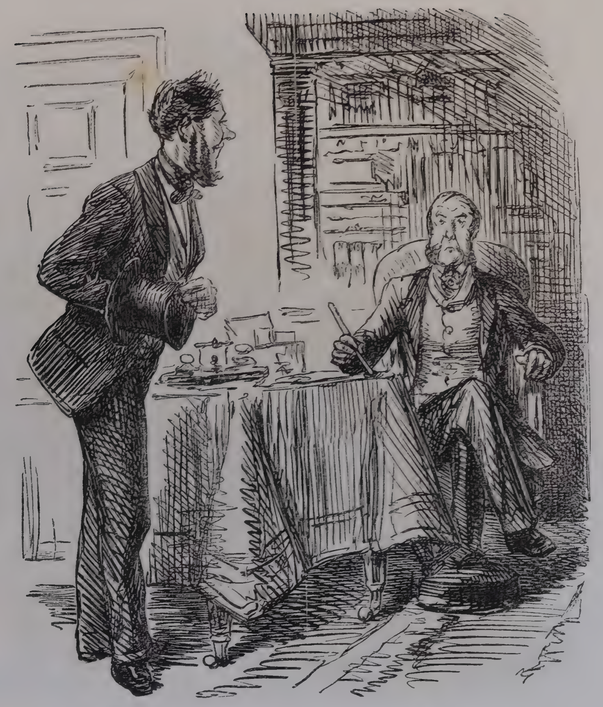
Foreign Party. "MAIS, MOSIEU BOOL, I AVE ALL WAYS THOUGHT YOU VASS GREAT SHOPKEEPARE!"
Mr. Bool. "SO I AM, MOSSOO—AND THESE ARE SOME OF THE BOYS WHO MIND THE SHOP!—COMPRENNY?"

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Mary. "WHY, TUMMAS, IT'S THE VERY MORAL OF YER!"
Tummas. "PRETTY THING, AIN'T IT? PITY THE YALLER OF THE UNIFORM COMES SO BLACK!"

CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Domestic. "BOTHER MISSUS, SHE WEARS IT HERSELF, AND I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T."



Jones (living in the plebeian locality of St. John's Wood). "I AM ALSO EXTREMELY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY WINDOWS—IF YOU ENTER MY SERVICE, I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO CLEAN THEM VERY CAREFULLY."
John Thomas (from Belgravia). "OH, OF COURSE, SIR! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR WINDOWS CLEANED IF YOU LIKE—BUT IN *BELGRAVIA*—WE PREFERS THEM DIRTY—IT'S CONSIDERED MORE *ARISTOCRATIC!*"

SERVANTGALISM.

Lady. "THEN, WHY DID YOU LEAVE?"
Domestic. "WELL, MA'AM, IF YOU ARST ME, I B'LIEVE THE REEL REASON WERE, THAT MISSUS THOUGHT I WERE TOO GOOD LOOKING!"

CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Missus. "MARY! GO AND TAKE OFF THAT THING DIRECTLY! PRAY, ARE YOU AWARE WHAT A RIDICULOUS OBJECT YOU ARE?"

THE CENSUS.

Head of the Family (filling up the paper). "WELL, MISS PRIMROSE, AS A VISITOR, I MUST PUT YOUR AGE IN! WHAT SHALL WE SAY?"
Miss P. "OH, IT'S BEST TO BE STRAIGHTFORWARD. THE SAME AS DEAR FLORA—TWENTY LAST BIRTHDAY!"

BY THE FAST TRAIN.

Railway Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE, MISS?"
Young Lady (who is also a leetle fast). "YES! PORTMANTEAU, A LITTLE BAY HORSE AND A BLACK RETRIEVER!—AND LOOK HERE, GET ME A HANSOM!"

THE RIDING-HAT QUESTION.

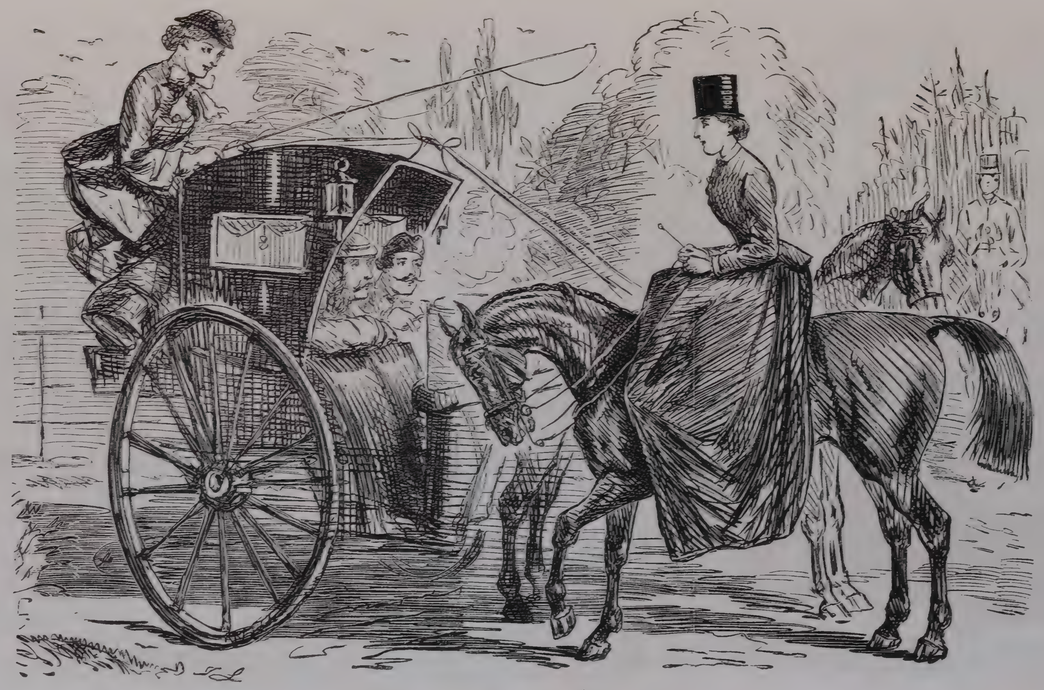
Lucy. "NOW TELL ME, MARY, WHICH IS THE BEST?"
Mary (who is rather horsey). "WELL, DEAR, FOR TEA IN THE ARBOUR, AND THAT SORT OF THING, PERHAPS THE LITTLE ROUND ONE; BUT IF YOU WANT TO LOOK LIKE GOING ACROSS COUNTRY, THE CHIMNEY-POT ALL TO NOTHING!"

DECIDEDLY.

Small Swell. "MOST 'BSURD ROW THEY'RE KICKING UP ABOUT EQUESTRIANS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS! WHY THEY OUGHT TO BE DEUCED GLAD OF ANYTHING THAT ADDS TO THE BEAUTY OF THE PLACE—MY 'PINION."

BEWARE, DARLINGS, OF ARTILLERY WHISKERS!

THIS IS THE CRITICAL POSITION OF LOUISA AND CAPTAIN CHARLEY BANG—HIS WHISKER CAUGHT IN HER EARRING, AND PAPA KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!



THE LATEST FAST THING.

Constance. "OH, ISN'T IT AWFULLY JOLLY? GEORGE HAS BOUGHT THIS PRIVATE HANSOM, AND I'M GOING TO DRIVE HIM OVER TO SEE GRANDPAPA!"

SCENE—THE HILL.

Irritated Swell (walking away). "I TELL YOU I DON'T WANT TO BE BRUSHED!"
Public Coat-Brusher. "OH, JUST TO MAKE YOU A LITTLE TIDY, MY LORD!"
Swell. "I SHAN'T PAY YOU!"
Coat-Brusher (still brushing). "THAT AIN'T O' NO CONSEQUENCE, MY LORD; BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU LOOK RESPECTABLE!"

A LITTLE FARCE AT A RAILWAY-STATION.

Lady. "I WANT ONE TICKET—FIRST!"
Clerk. "SINGLE?"
Lady. "SINGLE! WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO YOU, SIR, WHETHER I'M SINGLE OR NOT? IMPERTINENCE!"
[*Clerk explains that he meant Single or Return, not t'other thing.*

A GORDIAN KNOT FOR ROBINSON.

Miss Selina Hardman. "WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS TO GIVE ME A LEAD OVER?"

TOO BAD, BY JOVE! YOU KNOW.

Swell. "OH, NAWN-SENSE; HALF-A-CROWN'S TOO MUCH. HERE'S EIGHTEENPENCE. I AIN'T SUCH A FOOL AS I LOOK!"
Cabby. "AIN'T YER, SIR? THEN I ONLY WISH YER *WOS!*"

A DAY AT BIARRITZ.

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES WHO RIDE IN CRINOLINE ON DONKEYS.

We have been favoured with the following communication from our Indolent Young Man, and as it strikes us as being by much the coolest thing we have met with this hot weather, we print it:—

"*Car and Starter, Richmond.*
"*July* 8.—*Thermometer ever so much in the shade.*

"DEAR P.,

"In reply to your heartless letter, on affairs of a business character, I beg to inform you that I am HERE, and with no intention of injuring my precious health by any exertion bodily or mental. Make what use you please of this information, and accept the assurance of my most distinguished regard and esteem.

"Signed,
"* * * *"

BLOOD WILL CARRY ANYTHING—AT LEAST SO MISS FEATHERWEIGHT THINKS!

THE EXHAUSTED STUDENT.

Fond Parent. "BLESS HIS HEART—ALWAYS STUDYING! READ HIMSELF ASLEEP—GEOGRAPHY NOW, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I'LL BE BOUND!"
[*No! It's the Cookery Book.*

REAL ENJOYMENT.

Charley (who is wet through for the ninth time). "OH, MA! WE'VE BEEN SO JOLLY! WE'VE BEEN FILLING ONE ANOTHER'S HAIR WITH SAND, AND MAKING BOATS OF OUR BOOTS, AND HAVING SUCH FUN!"

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ON HIS WAY TO THAT TURNIP-FIELD, OUR DEAR OLD BRIGGS PASSES THROUGH THE PARK IN WHICH HIS FRIEND'S FAVOURITE BISONS ARE KEPT. HE SAYS TO GEORDIE THE KEEPER: "I TRUST, MY GOOD FELLOW, THIS IS NOT THE SEASON YOU SPOKE OF IN WHICH THESE CREATURES—YOU KNOW—EH—WHAT—A—A—ARE *DANGEROUS!*"

MR. BRIGGS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MR. BRIGGS, PREVIOUS TO GOING THROUGH HIS COURSE OF DEER-STALKING, ASSISTS THE FORESTER IN GETTING A HART OR TWO FOR THE HOUSE. DONALD IS REQUESTING OUR FRIEND TO HOLD THE ANIMAL DOWN BY THE HORNS.

[N.B. THE SAID ANIMAL IS AS STRONG AS A BULL, AND USES HIS LEGS LIKE A RACE-HORSE.

IRISH LAKE-FISHING.

Mr. Briggs. "BUT THE BOAT SEEMS VERY LEAKY, AND TO WANT MENDING A GOOD DEAL."

Boatman. "WANT MENDIN' IS IT? OCH, NIVER FEAR! SHURE THE BOAT'S WELL ENOUGH. IF YE SIT STILL, AND DON'T COFF OR SNAZE, SHE'LL CARRY YE PRETTY WELL!"

A LITTLE SHOOTING IN IRELAND.

"NO HIT AGAIN, I'M AFRAID, TIM!"

"O, NIVER MIND, YER 'ONOR! SURE, YE DO IT VERY NIST. THERE'S SOME JINTLEMEN NOW COMES, AND THEY BLAZE AWAY, AND THEY WOWNDES THE POOR BIRRDS IN THE LIGS AND THE WINGS, AND SUCH LIKE; BUT YER 'ONOR! O, YE FIRES, AND FIRES, AND *ALWAYS* MISSES 'EM *CLANE* AND *CLEVER!*"

RETURN FROM A SUBURBAN PARTY.

Flyman. "WERRY SORRY, MUM, I'M SURE, MUM—BUT THE OSS AIN'T ROUGHED, AND HE CAN'T GO A STEP FURDER!"

SEVERE.

Old Lady. "AH THIN, BAD LUCK TO YE, GRIGORY! WHERE'S YER MANNERS? ONE WOULD THINK YE WAS IN A GINTLEMAN'S HOUSE, STANDIN' BEFORE THE FIRE WITH YER COAT-TAILS UP, AND LADIES PRESENT, TOO!"

DINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

IRRESISTIBLE.

Lady. "WHAT! TWO SHILLINGS! AND EIGHTEENPENCE FOR WAITING THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR?—NONSENSE, MAN! IT WAS ONLY TEN MINUTES BY MY WATCH!"

Cabman (insinuatingly). "WASN'T IT, MISS? WELL, THEN, I S'POSE IT WAS A MISSIN' O' YOUR PRETTY FACE AS MADE IT *SEEM* THREE KERVARTERS OF AN HOUR!" [*Fare pays, and thinks the Cabman an extremely nice person.*

A SERIOUS DRAWBACK.

Hideous Old Lady of Fashion (with Plain Daughter). "CHARMING BALL AT SIR CHARLES'S LAST NIGHT! EVERYBODY THERE—GOOD ROOMS, NOT OVERCROWDED—CAPITAL SUPPER! DEAREST BARBARA ENJOYED HERSELF PRODIGIOUSLY! I DON'T SEE, HOWEVER, HOW I CAN WELL AVOID ASKING *HIS* SISTER AND NIECE TO *MY* BALL, NEXT WEEK, HE IS SO FOND OF THEM; AND YET YOU KNOW THAT THEY ARE PEOPLE WHO DO NOT GO OUT NEARLY AS MUCH AS WE DO, AND ARE NOT AT ALL IN OUR POSITION IN SOCIETY!"

ONE NIGHT FROM HOME.

Wife (to Unreasonable Monster). "IT'S OF NO USE, GEORGE, YOUR SAYING, 'HANG IT, MARIA'; I MUST HAVE SOME PLACE TO PUT MY THINGS!"

Sarcastic Peeler. "GOING TO 'AVE A NEW 'ORSE, THEN, CABBY?"
Cabby. "NEW 'OSS! 'OW DY'E MEAN?"
Sarcastic Peeler. "WHY, YOU'VE GOT THE FRAMEWORK TOGETHER ALREADY!"

CRUEL!

Young Swell (loq.). "I SAY, THOMPSON, DO YOU THINK I SHALL EVER HAVE ANY WHISKERS?"
Thompson (after careful examination). "WELL, SIR, I REALLY DON'T THINK AS YOU EVER WILL—LEASTWAYS NOT TO SPEAK OF!"
Young Swell. "THAT'S RATHER HARD, FOR MY PAP—I MEAN GOVERNOR—HAS PLENTY!"
Thompson (facetiously). "YES, SIR,—BUT P'R'APS YOU TAKE AFTER YOUR *MA!*"

[*Total collapse of Y. S.*

THE VULPECIDE.—BASE INDEED!

First Hunter. "THERE! YOU SEE THAT FELLOW?—WELL! TO MY CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE, HE HAS DESTROYED TWO FOXES—AND YET HE WALKS ABOUT WITH A HYMN-BOOK UNDER HIS ARM!"

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Grandpapa. "BLESS HIS HEART—JUST LIKE ME!—SPARE THE *NIMROD*—SPOIL THE CHILD, I SAY."

GOING TO COVER.

Brown (who has given Tomkins, from Town, a Mount). "YOU NEEDN'T BE THE LEAST AFRAID. IT'S ONLY HIS FLAT. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT AFTER HE HAS BEEN OVER A FEW FENCES!"

A MOUNT IN THE MIDLANDS, APRIL, 1862. DELICIOUS!

Paterfamilias (who is stout and a Volunteer also). "OHO! MY NEW UNIFORM—COME HOME, I SEE!"
Family. "YES, PA DEAR! AND WE'VE TRIED IT ON THE WATER-BUTT, AND IT LOOKS SO NICE!"

THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN!

Boy (to distinguished Volunteer). "NOW, CAPTING! CLEAN YER BOOTS, AND LET YER 'AVE A SHOT AT ME FOR A PENNY!"

FLATTERING PROPOSAL.

Volunteer. "I SAY, LUCY, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE VIVANDIERES IN OUR CORPS. NOW, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL APPOINT YOU TO ATTEND UPON ME!"

SPREAD OF THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.—SCENE, THE SCHOOLROOM.

Young Larkins. "OH, HERE'S MAMMA! NOW, MA, IF YOU'LL FALL IN BY G'INA, I'LL PUT YOU THROUGH YOUR FACINGS. 'TEN-TION!"

POOR LITTLE FELLOW!

Emily. "WANT SOMETHING TO AMUSE YOU! WHY, I HAVE GIVEN YOU BOOK AFTER BOOK, AND LENT YOU MY PAINT-BOX, AND I'VE OFFERED TO TEACH YOU YOUR NOTES WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?"
Augustus. "OH, AH! I DON'T CALL THAT AMUSEMENT. I WANT SOME FIGS! OR SOME GINGERBREAD NUTS! OR A GOOD LOT OF TOFFEE!! THAT'S WHAT I CALL AMUSEMENT."

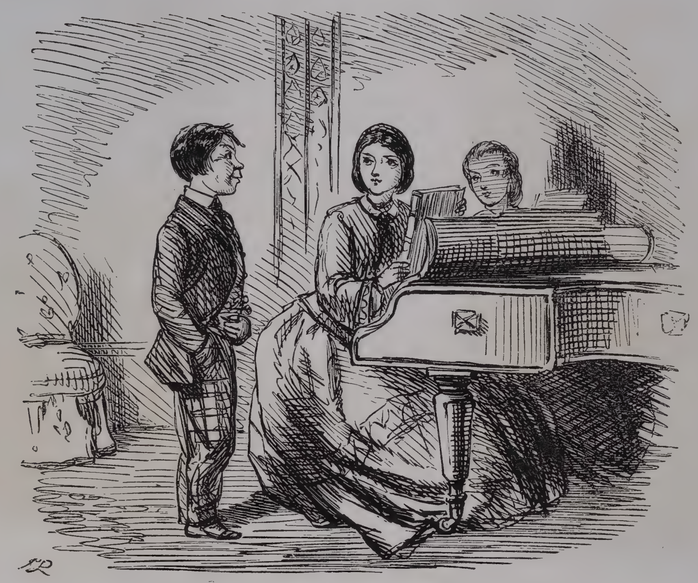
COMPLIMENTARY TO PATERFAMILIAS.

Sister Amy. "MY DEAR ROSE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?—MAMMA WILL BE VERY ANGRY!"
Rose. "WHY, WALTER WANTS TO BE LIKE PAPA, SO I'M JUST THINNING HIS HAIR AT THE TOP!"

Clara. "WHAT DOES TOMMY THINK? WHY, TOMMY HAS JUST GOT A NEW LITTLE BROTHER!"
Tommy. "HAVE I, THOUGH? HOW JOLLY!—THERE'LL BE SOMEBODY NOW TO WEAR MY OLD CLOTHES!"

HEALTHY AND AMUSING GAME.

Flora. "GOOD GRACIOUS! REGINALD, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT?"
Reginald. "OH, NOTHING! WE'VE ONLY BEEN PLAYING AT BEING TOM SAYERS AND THE BENICIA BOY!"

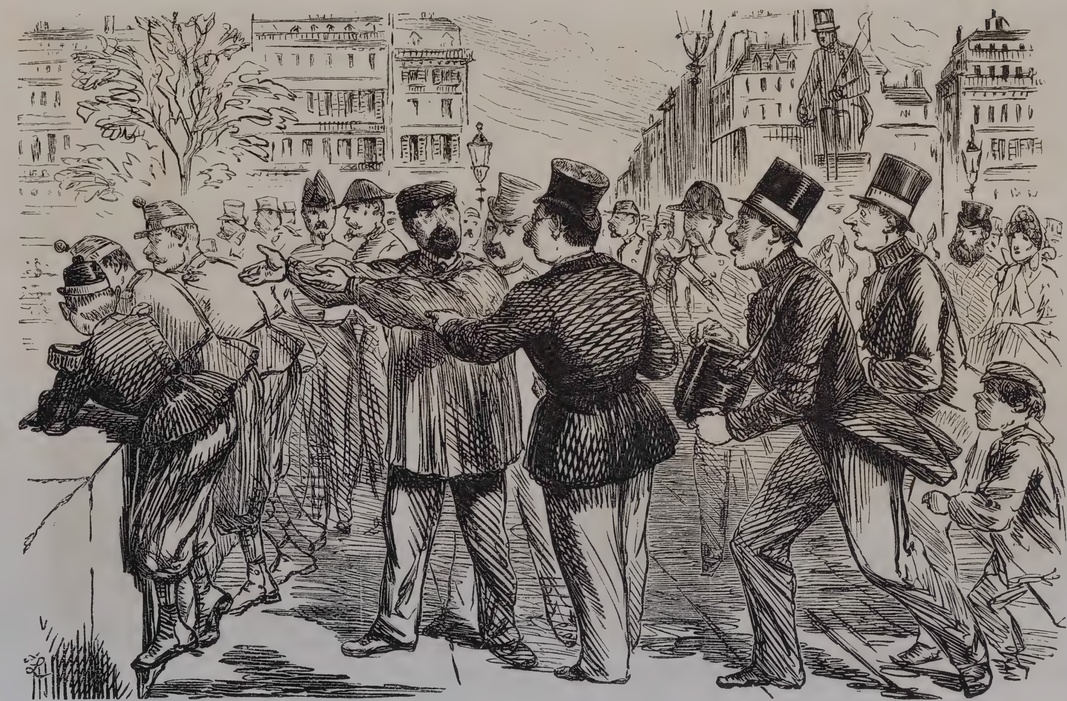


Georgina. "WELL, GUS! AND HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR PARTY LAST NIGHT?"
Gus. "OH, JOLLY!—I GOT ELEVEN ICES, AND NO END OF NEGUS, AND WENT DOWN FOUR TIMES TO SUPPER!!"

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Discerning Child (*who has heard some remarks made by Papa*). "ARE YOU OUR NEW NURSE?"
Nurse. "YES, DEAR!"
Child. "WELL, THEN, I'M ONE OF THOSE BOYS WHO CAN ONLY BE MANAGED WITH KINDNESS—SO YOU HAD BETTER GET SOME SPONGE-CAKES AND ORANGES AT ONCE!"

DELIGHT OF THE HON. TOM RASPER (WHO HAS PROMISED HIMSELF A DAY WITH THE PYTCHLEY), ON FINDING THAT THE BOX WITH HIS HUNTER HAS BEEN LEFT AT GOWLEIGH STATION, WHILE A FINE YOUNG BULL, INTENDED FOR THAT PLACE, HAS BEEN BROUGHT ON TO—HARBOROUGH, SHALL WE SAY?



SCENE ON A BRIDGE IN PARIS.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE MATTER HERE? WHY, ALPHONSE, IN A BOAT ON THE RIVER, HAS JUST CAUGHT A GOUJON ABOUT THE SIZE OF HIS LITTLE FINGER!

CROQUET.

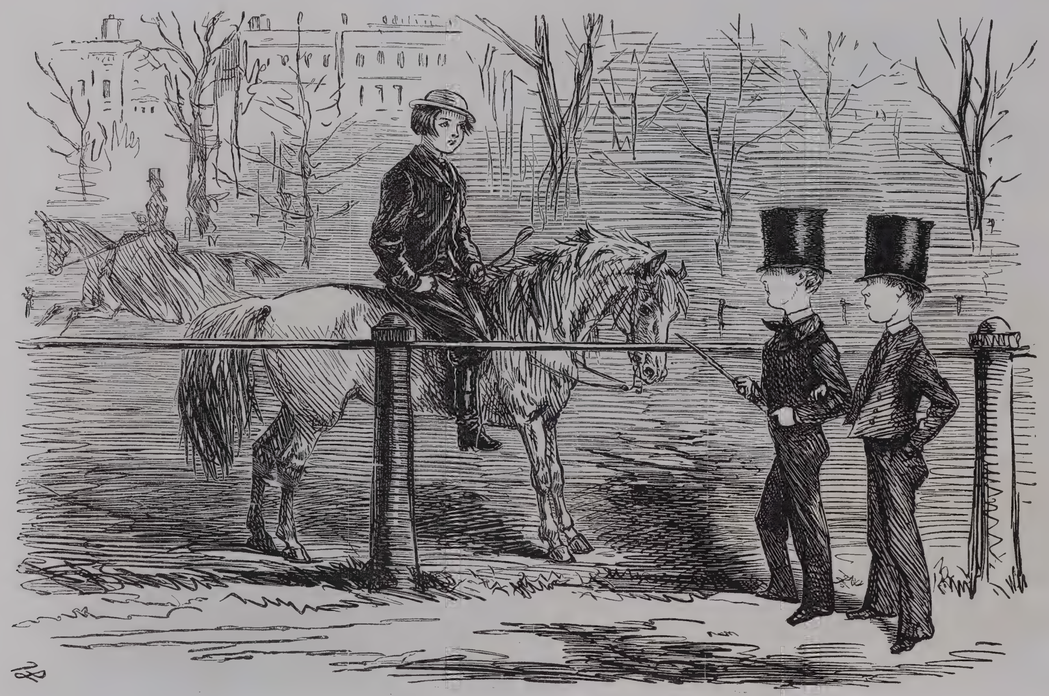
Chorus of Offended Maidens. "WELL! IF CLARA AND CAPTAIN DE HOLSTER ARE GOING ON IN THAT RIDICULOUS MANNER, WE MAY AS WELL LEAVE OFF PLAYING."

SEA-FISHING.

Boatman. "DON'T YER FEEL ANYTHINK YET, SIR? P'RAPS YOU'D BETTER TRY ANOTHER WORM."

HUSH! HUSH!

Aunt (handling young lady's abundant hair). "WHAT A TROUBLE, DEAR KITTY, YOUR HAIR IS TO ONE!"
Dear Kitty. "OH, AUNTY, IF IT'S A TROUBLE, WHY DON'T YOU PUT KITTY'S HAIR IN YOUR DRAWER, JUST AS YOU DO WITH YOUR OWN?"



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Arthur (on Pony). "HOLLO! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR HEADS?"
Juvenile Swell. "WHY, YOU SEE, EVERY SNOB WEARS A CAP OR A WIDE-AWAKE NOW! SO THE MEN OF OUR SCHOOL HAVE RETURNED TO THE OLD CHIMNEY-POT!" [*As Paterfamilias, we are sorry to say that we have observed this monstrosity many times this Christmas.*

DRAMATIC.

First languid Swell. "HAW! THEY'RE GOING ON STILL WITH THAT DUNDREARY!"
Second Ditto. "AW——YA'AS! IT MUST BE A-A-A-A-VEWY HARD WORK FOR A FELLAH TO PERFORM SUCH A-A-CAWACTER EVEWY EVENING."

A GAROTTE EFFECT.

THIS IS DE ROBINSON, WHO, IN HIS HURRY AND ANXIETY TO BE IN TIME FOR DINNER, PUTS HIS KNUCKLE-DUSTERS IN HIS COAT-TAIL POCKET. (SENSATION SCENE.)

*

THE KNUCKLE-DUSTER, OR SOMETHING LIKE IT.

THE BEACH.—A SKETCH FOR WARM WEATHER.

LATE FROM THE NURSERY.

Governess. "NOW, FRANK, YOU MUST PUT YOUR DRUM DOWN, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS."
Frank. "OH, DO LET ME WEAR IT, PLEASE; *I'LL PROMISE NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.*"

Arthur. "MAMMA! ISN'T MR. BLANQUE A WICKED MAN?"
Mamma. "WICKED, MY DEAR! NO! WHAT MAKES YOU ASK SUCH A QUESTION?"
Arthur. "WHY, BECAUSE, MAMMA DEAR, WHEN HE COMES INTO CHURCH, HE DOESN'T *SMELL HIS HAT* AS OTHER PEOPLE DO!"

Boy. "ISN'T IT VERY NAUGHTY OF PAPA TO TELL STORIES?"
Mamma. "WELL, DEAR, IT WOULD BE—BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
Boy. "WHY, PAPA SAYS, THAT TOFFEE IS NASTY TRASH—AND IT'S SO VERY DELICIOUS, YOU KNOW!"

PLUCK!

Master Cock-Robin. "I TELL YOU WHAT, UNCLE CHARLES—IF YOU ARE AT ALL NERVOUS ABOUT THE GAROTTERS—I'LL WALK HOME WITH YOU!"

TOO CLEVER BY HALF!

First Boy. "ARE YOU IN A HURRY WITH THAT LETTER, BILL?"
Second ditto. "YES. IT'S TO BE DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY, AND I'M TO WAIT."
First Boy. "WELL! WAIT HERE, AND HAVE A GAME AT PITCH AND TOSS, AND DELIVER IT IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS."

Papa. "WELL, MY DEAR, DID YOU TELL MAMMA THAT MISS MYRTLE WAS WAITING TO SEE HER?"
Child. "YES, PA!"
Papa. "AND WHAT DID SHE SAY?"
Child. "SHE SAID, *WHAT A BOTHER!*"

HARRY TAKES HIS COUSINS TO SEE THE HOUNDS MEET.

Enter MAMMA AND AUNT ELLEN.

Mamma (to Old Woman). "PRAY, HAVE YOU MET TWO LADIES AND A GENTLEMAN?"
Old Woman. "WELL, I MET THREE PEOPLE—BUT, LA! THERE, I CAN'T TELL LADIES FROM GENTLEMEN NOW-A-DAYS—WHEN I WAS A GAL," &C. &C.

THE BALL.

HARRY BULLFINCHER, WHO IS EVER SO MUCH BETTER ACROSS COUNTRY THAN WHEN HE MIXES IN THE MERRY DANCE (ESPECIALLY AFTER SUPPER), HAS COME TO GRIEF OVER A STOOL DURING A POLKA, AND IS SHOUTING FOR SOME ONE TO "*CATCH HIS HORSE!*"

YOUNG ENGLAND.

Henry. "I SAY, CHARLEY, WHERE DO YOU DINE TO-NIGHT?"
Charley. "AW, DINE WITH YOUR BROTHER!"
Henry. "DOOSE YOU DO—WORST WINE I EVER DRUNK IN MY LIFE!"
Charley. "BY JOVE, THEN, YOU NEVER DINED WITH MY GOVERNOR!"

CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Master G. O'Rilla. "DEAW! HOW SHOCKING! THERE'S ANOTHER GOOD FELLAH DONE FOR!"
Cousins. "WHY, WHAT HAS HAPPENED, GUS?"
Gus. "HAPPENED! WHY, CHARLEY BAGSHOT *GONE MARRIED!*"

PET-LOVE.

Old—what shall we call her?—"RUN, ROBERT! RUN! THERE'S THAT DARLING PLAYING WITH A STRANGE CHILD!"

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Sarah Jane. "LAWKS! WHY, IT'S HEXACT LIKE OUR HEMMER!"

GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Darling (in straw hat). "WHAT ARE YOU BUYING, DEAR?"
Darling (in black hat). "WHY, I'M BUYING A *PUNCH*. THE IMPUDENT THING HAS PUT ME IN AS ONE OF HIS GIRLS!"

Infuriate Captain. "YOU SCOUNDREL, I'LL HAVE YOU UP AS SURE AS YOU ARE BORN!"
Cabby. "WHAT! SUMMONS ME! OH NO, YER WON'T, MY LORD.—YOU'LL NEVER TAKE THE TROUBLE."
[*Exit* CABBY *with three-and-sixpence over his fare.*

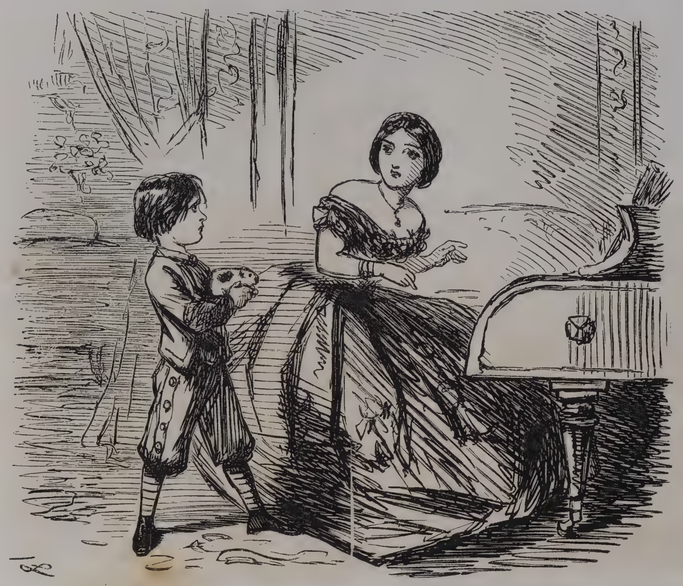
MORAL. *It is better, when you have a difference with a Cabman, to give him* YOUR *card and let* HIM *summon* YOU.

"SO, CHARLEY, I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN TO A JUVENILE PARTY?"
Precocious Boy. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CALL JUVENILE. THERE WAS NO ONE THERE UNDER FIVE YEARS OLD!"

Sunday-School Teacher. "OH, JOHNNY, I'M SHOCKED TO SEE YOU PLAYING WITH YOUR TOP. YOU SHOULD LEAVE YOUR TOYS AT HOME ON A SUNDAY!"
Johnny (quick, but impudent). "THEN WHY DO YOU COME OUT WITH YOUR HOOP?"

THE LINGUIST.

Archy. "I SAY, JESSIE, DO YOU UNDERSTAND FRENCH?"
Jessie. "A LITTLE—DO YOU?"
Archy. "OH, YES—I UNDERSTAND IT VERY WELL; BECAUSE, WHEN PA AND MA TALK FRENCH, I KNOW I'M GOING TO HAVE A FOWDER!"



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Master Jack. "NOW THEN, CHARLOTTE, ARE YOU GOING TO LEND ME YOUR PAINT BOX?"
Charlotte. "NO, SIR. YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS YOU MADE OF IT LAST TIME!"
Master Jack. "VERY WELL. THEN I'LL PUT MY GUINEA PIG ON YOUR NECK!"

PLEASANT INTELLIGENCE.

Boy. "AH—YOU AND MRS. DRONE ARE COMING TO SEE US NEXT WEEK IN THE COUNTRY."
Mr. Drone. "ARE WE? WE HAVE HEARD NOTHING OF IT."
Boy. "OH, YES—BECAUSE I HEARD PAPA SAY TO MAMMA, THAT THEY HAD SOME TIRESOME PEOPLE COMING, AND THEY MIGHT AS WELL ASK ALL THE BORES AT ONCE."

Alfred. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, UNCLE, WE WANT TO PLAY AT BEING WILLIAM TELL; WILL YOU BE SO KIND AS TO STAND WITH THE APPLE ON YOUR HEAD?"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.

A CONTENTED MIND.

Old Wurzel. "WELL, MUSTER CHAWLES, SO YOU'VE BEEN A RIDING THE YOUNG UN.—HOW DOES HE GO?"
Muster Chawles. "OH, SPLENDID! NEVER CARRIED BETTER IN MY LIFE! IT WAS HIS FIRST RUN, AND WE ONLY CAME DOWN FIVE TIMES!"

First Undergraduate. "HI! FRANK! HERE'S A GATE!"
Second Undergraduate. "GATE! I DIDN'T PAY TWO GUINEAS TO GO THROUGH GATES, WITH SUCH LOVELY POSTS AND RAILS BEFORE ME."

Brown (excited). "HI, JONES!—NET! NET! NET!—MAKE HASTE, OR I SHALL LOSE HIM!"
Jones (who is rather giddy and nervous). "EH!—AH!—RIGHT!—TO BE SURE!—YES!—I—I—I—I'M COMING—AS FAST—AS—OH DEAR!—AS POSSIBLE!"

Piscator. "OHO! THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE BIG TROUT ARE, IS IT? THEN THIS IS THE SORT OF *FLY*, I THINK!"

A SPIRIT DRAWING. BY OUR OWN MEDIUM.

THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS INDEED, WHEN A DRAWING-ROOM TABLE JUMPS UP, AND AFTER PLAYING A TUNE ON ITS ACCORDION, OFFERS ITS HAND TO THE HOUSEMAID!——

(NOW, WITHOUT ANY OF THE GAMMON OF PUTTING LIGHTS OUT, AND DARKENING THE ROOM, THIS REALLY *DID* HAPPEN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT—YOU NEEDN'T BELIEVE IT, OF COURSE, UNLESS YOU LIKE.)

A SPIRIT-RAPPING SÉANCE!

Mr. Foxer (a Medium). "OH DEAR! THERE'S A SPIRIT NAMED WALKER WRITING ON MY ARM!

POSITIVE FACT, OF COURSE.

A MESSAGE COMES OFF ON MRS. BLUEBAG'S LINEN, WHICH SHE IS HANGING, AS USUAL, ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

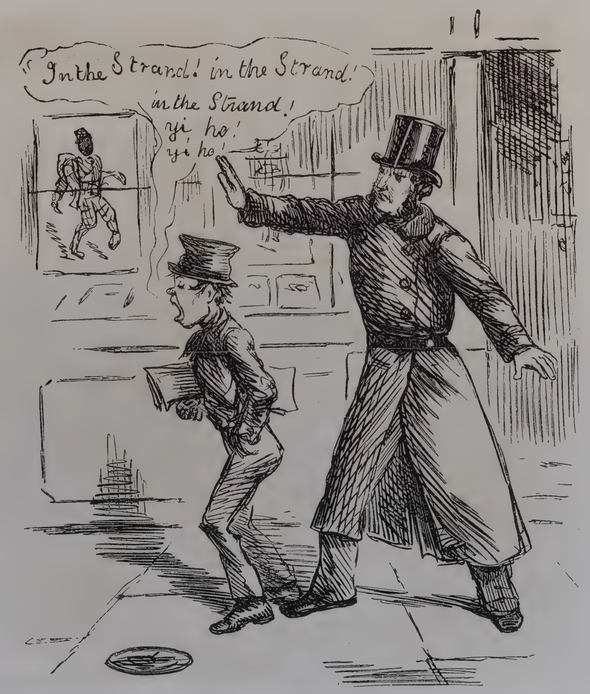
LATEST FROM AMERICA.

Butler (reads). "LATEST FROM AMERIKY! 'IT IS RUMOURED THAT MR. LINCOLN IS ABOUT TO RE-EMPLOY THE BRUTAL BUTLER TO BE THE TERROR OF THE LADIES OF NEW HORLEANS.'"

2nd Housemaid. "LOR, MR. BINS! IF MR. LINCOLN'S BUTLER IS THE TERROR OF THE LADIES—HE MUST BE VERY HUNLIKE YOU!"

THE NEW RIDE. FRIGHTFUL SCENE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS!

SHALL OUR PRIVACY BE INVADED? SHALL OUR CHILDREN BE RIDDEN DOWN BY A BLOODTHIRSTY AND A BLOATED ARISTOCRACY? ARE OUR WIVES, DAUGHTERS, AND DOMESTICS TO BE TORN TO PIECES BY FEROCIOUS MASTIFFS? NEVER! UP THEN! MARROWBONES TO THE RESCUE!



AN ORDER WE HOPE TO SEE ISSUED FROM SCOTLAND YARD.

"THE POLICE HAVE STRICT ORDERS TO BONNET, PUT IN A SACK, AND LOCK UP ALL URCHINS WHO DISTURB THE PEACE OF THE METROPOLIS BY SCREAMING OUT 'DIXIES' LAND.'"

AT A DINNER GIVEN BY MY LORD BRODACRES TO SOME OF HIS TENANTS, CURAÇOA IS HANDED IN A LIQUEUR-GLASS TO OLD TURNIPTOPS, WHO, SWALLOWING IT WITH MUCH RELISH, SAYS—"OI ZAY, YOUNG MAN! OI'LL TAK ZUM O' THAT IN A MOGG!"

THE PARTY WHO OBJECTS TO THE NEW RIDE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—AND WON'T HE SPOUT AT THE VESTRY!

VERY CAREFUL.

Economical Peer (with feeling). "GOOD GRACIOUS, THOMPSON! HAVEN'T YOU MEN GOT AN UMBRELLA OUTSIDE?"

Thompson. "NO, MY LORD!"

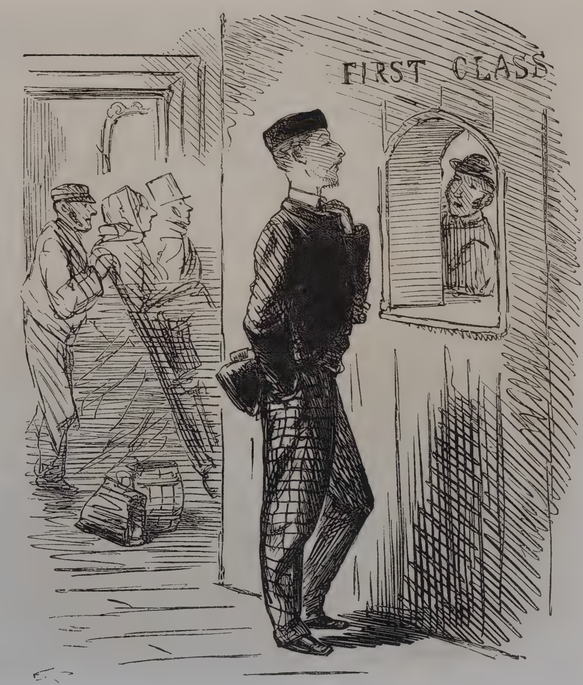
Peer. "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR!—THEN GIVE ME THOSE NEW HATS INSIDE!"

FOND DELUSION.

First Tourist (going North). "HULLO, TOMPK——"
Second ditto (ditto, ditto). "HSH——SH! CONFOUND IT, YOU'LL SPOIL ALL. THEY THINK IN THE TRAIN I'M A HIGHLAND CHIEF!"

EFFECT OF THE WEATHER ON A SENSITIVE PLANT.

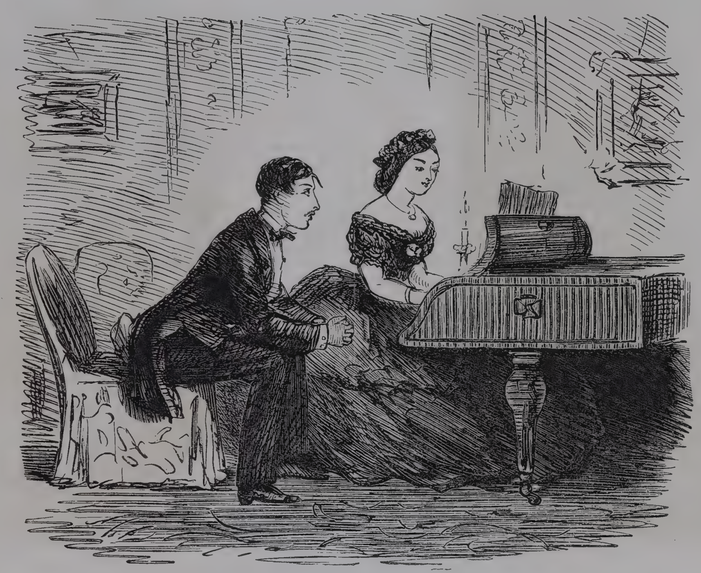
YOUNG NIMROD, AS HE APPEARED BFFORE THE FROST—PERFECTLY DISENGAGED!



Railway Clerk. "HAVE YOU GOT TWOPENCE, SIR?"
Swell. "DEAW, NO! NEVAW HAD TWOPENCE IN MY LIFE!"
Clerk. "THEN I MUST GIVE YOU TENPENCE IN COPPER, SIR!"
[*Swell is immensely delighted, of course.*

CURIOUS ECHO AT THE SHOREDITCH STATION.

Traveller. "PORTER! PORTER!"
Echo. "DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET HIM?"



YOUNG DITTO, AFTER FOUR WEEKS' FROST IN A COUNTRY HOUSE—MOST PARTICULARLY ENGAGED!

GOING NORTH.

"THIS CARRIAGE IS ENGAGED!"

DINER À LA RUSSE.

Host. "STAY, STEVENS—WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE SALMON? NOBODY HAS HAD ANY OF IT!"
Butler. "PRAY, SIR, WHAT ARE *WE* TO HAVE FOR SUPPER?"

Butcher Boy (and Butcher Boys are so impudent). "NOW THEN, SWIPEY! ARE YOU GOING TO STOP THERE TILL YOU GET *FINE*, AFORE YOU *DRAW YOURSELF OFF?*"

AWFUL APPARITION!

Mrs. T. (to T., who has been reading the popular novel). "PRAY, MR. TOMKINS, ARE YOU NEVER COMING UP STAIRS? HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO SIT UP WITH THAT 'WOMAN IN WHITE'?"

FORCE OF HABIT.—(A TABLEAU FOR FAMILY PEOPLE ONLY.)

DOLPHUS, GEORGE, AND LOUISA, ARE PLAYING IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—TO THEM THE FAMILY DOCTOR UNEXPECTEDLY. A. AND G. AND L. GO THROUGH THE EXPRESSIVE PANTOMIME OF PUTTING OUT THEIR TONGUES AS A MATTER OF COURSE.

Lady. "OH! PLEASE, CABMAN, DRIVE ME TO ST. BARNABAS' CHURCH. YOU GO UP EBURY STREET, AND TAKE———"
Cabman. "I KNOW—HOPPOSITE THE THREE COMPASSES!"

Photographer. "NOW, SIR! 'AVE YER CART DE VISIT DONE?"

Cabbie. "NOW THEN, SIR! JUMP IN. DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE!"

MR. PUNCH HAVING HEARD OF THE EXCELLENT QUALITIES OF THE EXMOOR PONIES, PROCURES A FEW FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS!

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.

A POSER.

Precocious Pupil. "PLEASE, MISS JONES, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF SUBURBS?"
Governess (who is extensively Crinolined). "THE OUTSKIRTS OF A PLACE, MY DEAR."
Pupil (seizing Miss J. by the dress). "THEN, MISS JONES, ARE THESE *YOUR* SUBURBS?"

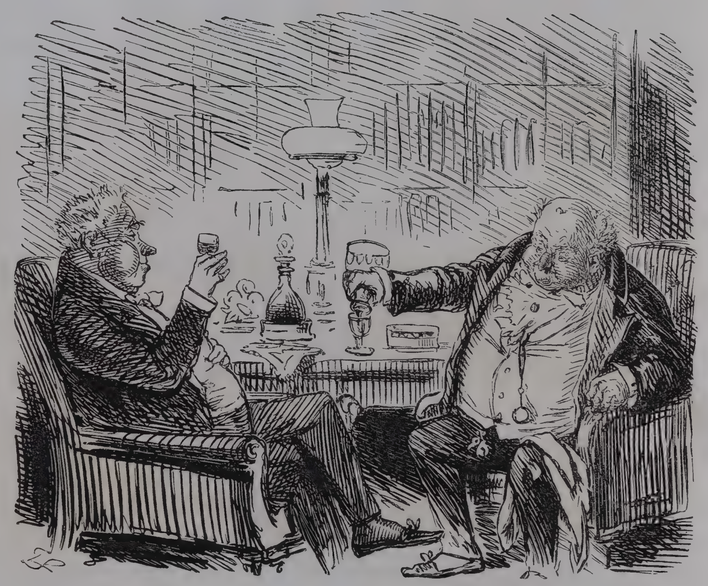
THAT ESTIMABLE MAN, MR. PUNCH, GOES FOR A RIDE ON HIS COB, AND CANNOT AGREE WITH A CERTAIN WORTHY MAGISTRATE, OR "BEAK," THAT STREET-TUMBLING IS AT ALL A CLEVER OR DESIRABLE PERFORMANCE;—

HELPING HIM ON.

Cruel Fair One (to silent Partner). "PRAY! HAVE YOU *NO* CONVERSATION?"

Constance (literary). "HAVE YOU READ THIS ACCOUNT OF 'THE MILL ON THE FLOSS,' DEAR?"
Edith (literal). "NO, INDEED, I HAVE NOT; AND I WONDER THAT YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING TO INTEREST YOU IN THE DESCRIPTION OF A DISGUSTING PRIZE-FIGHT!"

—AND IT IS NOT A PLEASANT THING, WHEN GOING OUT TO DINNER, TO HAVE A SUMMERSAULT TURNED ON TO YOUR STOM——WE MEAN WAISTCOAT.



OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Grapes (helping himself to another glass of that fine old Madeira). "HAH! WE LIVE IN STRANGE TIMES—WHAT THE DOOCE CAN PEOPLE WANT WITH DRINKING FOUNTAINS!"

AN IMPOSTOR.

Wife. "CHARLES, DEAR. THERE'S A PERSON AT THE DOOR WANTS TO KNOW WHETHER YOU WANT ANY ORNAMENT FOR YOUR FIREPLACE."
Charles. "MY DARLING! WHAT BETTER ORNAMENT CAN I HAVE THAN YOUR OWN SWEET SELF?"
[*The wretch is going to dine at Greenwich with some bachelor friends, for all that.*

DUST HO! THE LONG DRESS NUISANCE.

(WE CAN ASSURE THE DARLINGS IT BY NO MEANS IMPROVES THEIR DEAR LITTLE ANKLES.)

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

Old Lady. "BUT, GOING IN FOUR-WHEEL CABS! I'M SO AFRAID OF SMALL-POX!"
Cabby. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFEARED O' MY CAB, MUM, FOR I'VE 'AD THE HIND WHEEL WACCINATED, AND IT TOOK BEAUTIFUL!"

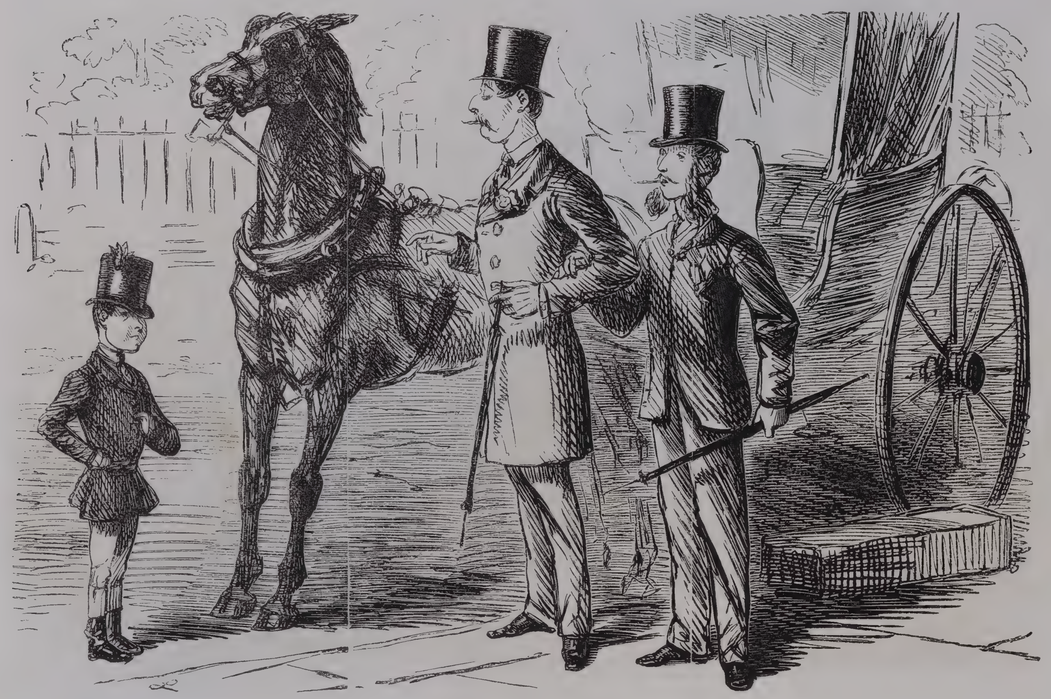
SCENE—THE ROW.

JEMIMER HANN IS STARING AT SOLDIER—YOUNG SPOFFINGTON IS BOWING TO GEORGINA MARTINGALE—PERAMBULATOR CHARGES THROUGH YOUNG S.'S LEGS.—SENSATION!

CHAMBER PRACTICE.

Messenger (from Studious Party in the floor below). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER'S COMPLIMENTS, AND HE SAYS HE'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU'D LET HIM KNOW WHEN THE REPAIRS WILL BE FINISHED, FOR THE KNOCKING DO DISTURB HIM SO!"

Mary (maliciously, to her Cousin on leave). "HENRY, DEAR! HAVE YOU SEEN THIS ORDER ABOUT REDUCING THE OFFICERS' WHISKERS AT ALDERSHOT? WHAT A SHAME! I'M SURE IF I WERE YOU I SHOULD RESIST IT!" [*Haw—HENRY doesn't see the point.*



A FACT.

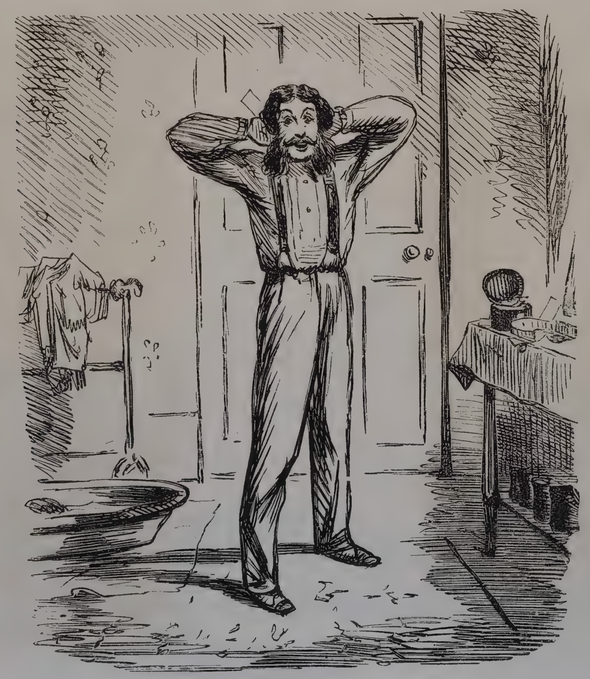
Swell. "BOY! WHO'S CAB'S THIS?"
Boy. "WHAT ODDS IS THAT TO YOU? DO YOU 'SPOSE MY GOV'N'R GIVES ME BOARD WAGES TO TELL WHO BELONGS TO US?"

THE NEW SCHOOL.

Uncle (who is rather proud of his cellar). "NOW, GEORGE, MY BOY, THERE'S A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE FOR YOU—DON'T GET SUCH STUFF AT SCHOOL, EH? EH? EH?"
George. "H'M—AWFULLY SWEET! VERY GOOD SORT FOR LADIES—BUT I'VE ARRIVED AT A TIME OF LIFE, WHEN I CONFESS I LIKE MY WINE *DRY!*" (*Sensation.*)

NEW LEATHERS, TOO!

Jones (*very particular man*). "H'M! THIS COMES OF BRINGING DOWN A BOTTLE OF HUNTING VARNISH FOR A FRIEND!"



UNEXPECTED BLISS.

Swell (*dressing*). "HURRAH!! BY JOVE, THERE'S A BUTTON AT THE BACK OF MY SHIRT!!!"

Boy. "I SAY, JOHN, AIN'T YOUR MASTER A LOOKIN' FOR YOU, NEETHER!"

RELAXATION.

SCENE—*Smoking Room. Country House.* 2.30 A.M.

Country Friend (*to Johnson, who has had a long tramp of it in the rain after wild birds*). "WELL, GOOD NIGHT, OLD FELLOW! IF YOU WON'T HAVE ANOTHER WEED. REMEMBER!—CUB-HUNTING IN THE MORNING, HALF-PAST FIVE. DON'T BE LATE!"

OH! ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL, GETTING YOUR BOOTS OFF AFTER A THOROUGH WET DAY'S HUNTING!

A REAL TREASURE.

Paterfamilias (*suddenly arrived in town*). "GOOD GRACIOUS, MRS. WILKINS, WHY DIDN'T YOU FORWARD THESE LETTERS? THEY ARE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE."

Mrs. Wilkins (*the Treasure*). "LOR, SIR! I SHOULD NEVER THINK O' FORWARDING SICH THINGS AS THEM. WHY, I SEE THEY WAS ONLY BUSINESS LETTERS FROM THE HORFICE, OR SOMETHINK O' THAT!"

THE VERY THING.

Dealer (to Nervous Rider). "QUIET! THERE NOW! HE'S A COB AS YOU MAY JUST CHUCK YER LEG OVER, AND SPRING A RATTLE, OR FIRE OFF PISTOLS BY THE HOUR TOGETHER, AND HE WON'T TAKE NO NOTICE!"

A FACT.

Groom. "YE SEE, SIR! THE LADIES KNOCKS 'OSSES ABOUT SO! THEY GETS UPON A 'OSS, SIR, AND THEY SAYS, 'MY EYES! HE'S A 'OSS, AND HE MUST GO!'"

A STEEPLE-CHACE STUDY.

Ossy and very talkative Party (who is not going to ride, however). "CALL THAT A FENCE! WHY, ME AND MY LITTLE PONY WOULD 'OP OVER IT LIKE A BIRD!"

A CAPITAL FINISH.

Excited but rather behind-hand Party. "NOW, THEN, MY MAN, HAVE YOU SEEN 'EM? WHICH WAY HAVE THEY GONE?"
Man. "ALL RIGHT, SIR. THEY'RE DOWN 'ERE; FOX AN' 'OUNDS IS JUST RUN INTO *TH' INFANT SCHOOL!*"

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?—WHY, THE FACT IS, THE STUPID AND GREEDY BOY HAS MISTAKEN FOR JAM, AND SWALLOWED, A RATHER FINE SPECIMEN OF THE ACTINEA EQUINA, OR PURPLE SEA-ANEMONE, WHICH AUNT FOOZLE HAS BROUGHT FROM THE COAST!

Nurse. "DRAT THE CHILD! WHY CAN'T YER WALK?—YER MORE PLAGUE THAN ALL MY MONEY!"

THE SENSATION BALL.

THE LATEST PLEASANTRY IN THE PUBLIC STREETS.

A GEOGRAPHICAL JOKE.

Impertinent Page (*late from the dining-room*). "I SAY, COOKEY AND SOOSAN, YOU MAKE A PRECIOUS FUSS ABOUT A FLEA,—HOW'D YER LIKE TO BE WHERE THE BLACK SEA SAILORS IS NOW?"

Susan. "WHERE'S THAT, IMPERANCE?"

Page. "WHY, MASTER SAYS IT'S WHERE THE BUG AND THE NIPPER (DNIEPER) MEET IN ONE BED!" [*Sensation and loud cries of* "*Oh!*"

A MEDIUM.

Nursery-Maid (*to horse, with great affection*). "OH, YOU DARLING! I AM SO FOND OF YOU!"

THE IDLE SERVANT.

Mis'ress. "YOU ARE AN EXCESSIVELY WICKED BOY, SIR! YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY LONG TIME BRINGING ME THIS LETTER—AND I MUST INSIST UPON KNOWING IN WHAT MANNER YOU HAVE BEEN IDLING AWAY YOUR TIME—SPEAK, SIR!"

Domestic. "BOO-HOO-'M! IF YOU PLEASE, 'M! *ME AND ANOTHER BUTLER* WAS A LOOKING AT PUNCH, HOO-HOO!!"

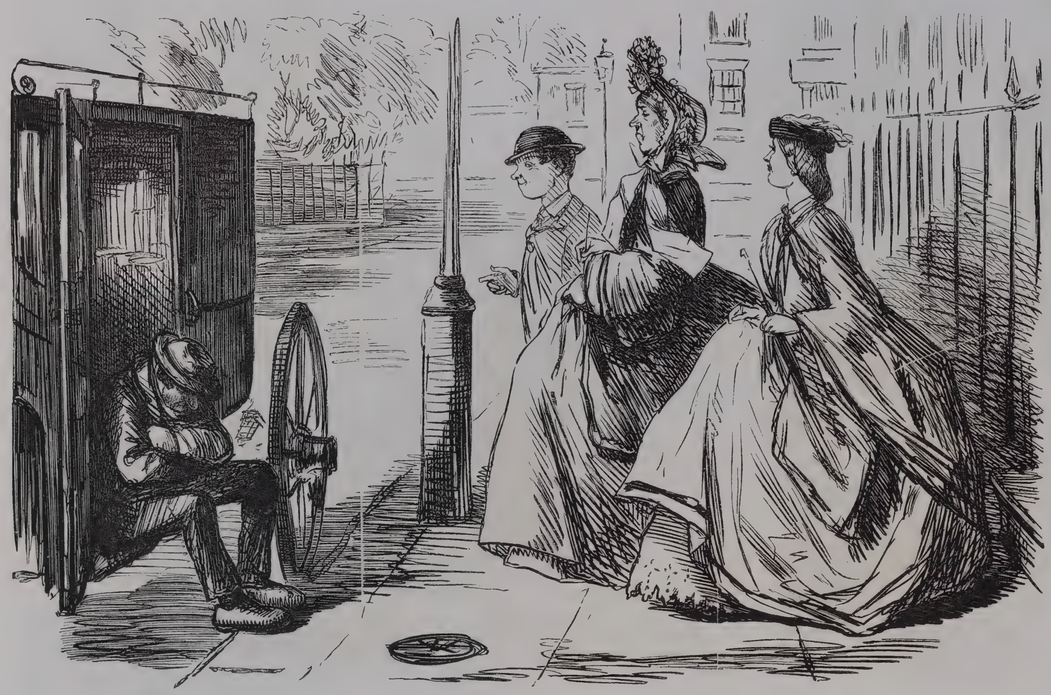
SERVING HIM OUT.

Mrs. T. (to T.) "FEEL A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE, DEAR? CAN I GET ANYTHING ELSE FOR YOU? WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR CIGAR-CASE NOW? *(Aside.)* I'LL TEACH HIM TO GO OUT TO GREENWICH AND RICHMOND WITHOUT ME, AND SIT UP HALF THE NIGHT AT HIS CLUB!"

TURNING THE TABLES; OR, A LITTLE SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Henrietta (who is joking, of course). "I'VE BEEN THINKING, DEAR CHARLES, THAT AS YOU REQUIRE CHANGE, IT WOULD BE SO NICE FOR YOU TO GO DOWN WITH THE CHILDREN TO SOME QUIET PLACE AT THE SEA-SIDE, WHILE I AND MRS. FRED SPANKER WENT TO BADEN-BADEN FOR A FEW WEEKS—EH—?—"

[*This last being just what the wretch* CHARLES *has been proposing to himself and* FRED SPANKER *for the last month.*



AN OPPORTUNITY.

Frederick (pointing to sleeping Cabby). "THERE, AUNT! NOW'S YOUR TIME FOR A PAIR OF GLOVES!"

PRACTISING FOR A MATCH.

Leonora. "DEAR, DEAR! HOW THE ARROW STICKS!"
Captain Blank (with a sigh of the deepest). "IT DOES, INDEED

AFTER SUPPER—STRANGE ADMISSION!

Mr. S. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WALTZING WITH YOU, MISS JONES?"
Miss J. "I WOULD WITH PLEASURE, *BUT UNFORTUNATELY I'M QUITE FULL!*"

A FACT.

Jeames. "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, HERE IS *MASTER* CARLO! BUT I CAN'T SEE *MISS* FLOSS NOWHERES!"

GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Paterfamilias. "I WAS THINKING, DARLING, THAT PERHAPS, AS IT IS A VERY LONG JOURNEY, IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I WENT *FIRST*, AND GOT EVERYTHING COMFORTABLE; YOU COULD THEN TRAVEL DOWN WITH NURSE AND THE CHILDREN AFTERWARDS."
[*Mamma doesn't seem to see it, and Nurse and Mamma-in-Law think him a brute.*

LATE FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Minnie. "I AM READING SUCH A PRETTY TALE."
Governess. "YOU MUST SAY NARRATIVE, MINNIE—NOT TALE!"
Minnie. "YES, MA'AM; AND DO JUST LOOK AT MUFF, HOW HE'S WAGGING HIS NARRATIVE!"

GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Stout Equestrian. "DO YOU KNOW, LOVE, I'M RATHER SORRY I GOT THIS HAT, FOR SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE TAKEN FOR A PRETTY HORSEBREAKER!"

SCENE—A CERTAIN GAY WATERING-PLACE.

First Irresistible (on hack). "ULLO, 'ARRY! WHY, WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU HERE?"
Second ditto. "WHY, YER SEE, BILL, I'M PRECIOUS SICK OF WORKING FOR MY LIVING, SO I'VE COME HERE TO PICK UP *AN 'AIRESS!*"

A TYRANT.

Master Jacky (who pursues the fagging system even when home for the holidays). "OH, HERE YOU ARE! I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU GIRLS EVERYWHERE. NOW, YOU JUST MAKE HASTE HOME, AND PEEL ME A LOT OF SHRIMPS FOR MY LUNCH!"

RATHER A KNOWING THING IN NETS.

Admiring Friend. "WHY, FRANK! WHAT A CAPITAL DODGE!"
Frank. "A—YA-AS. MY BEARD IS SUCH A BORE, THAT I HAVE TAKEN A HINT FROM THE FAIR SEX."

THE THAW AND THE STREETS!

TOMKINS, WHO HAS JUST PAID HIS RATE FOR PAVING, CLEANSING, &C., GOES FOR A WALK IN HIS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURHOOD. HE IS, OF COURSE, MUCH GRATIFIED AT THE WAY IN WHICH THE CLEANSING PART OF THE BUSINESS IS MANAGED.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT DURING THE FROST.

AS MAJOR —— AND CAPTAIN —— OF THE 13TH LIGHT POLKERS WERE SKATING WITH THE LOVELY AND ACCOMPLISHED EMILY D——, AND HARRIET V——, THEIR FEELINGS SUDDENLY GAVE WAY, THEY BROKE THE ICE, AND WE HEAR THEY HAVE NOT YET BEEN EXTRICATED FROM THEIR PERILOUS SITUATION!

A COMFORTER.

Sympathetic Swell (devoted to the Noble Science). "GOT A WRETCHED COLD! NO, WEALLY? THAT'S A BAD JOB, OLD FELLA,—MIGHT HA' BEEN WORSE, THOUGH—HORSE MIGHT HAVE HAD IT, YOU KNOW!"

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER NUISANCE.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.

MR. BRIGGS, FEELING THAT HIS HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS A-CHASING THE DEER, STARTS FOR THE NORTH.

TO-DAY HE GOES OUT FOR A STALK, AND DONALD SHOWS MR. BRIGGS THE WAY.

WITH EXTRAORDINARY PERSEVERANCE THEY COME WITHIN SHOT OF "THE FINEST HART." MR. B. IS OUT OF BREATH, AFRAID OF SLIPPING, AND WANTS TO BLOW HIS NOSE (QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION). OTHERWISE HE IS TOLERABLY COMFORTABLE.

AFTER AIMING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, MR. B. FIRES BOTH HIS BARRELS—AND—MISSES!!!! TABLEAU—THE FORESTER'S ANGUISH.

BEFORE GOING OUT, MR. BRIGGS AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE A QUIET CHAT ABOUT DEERSTALKING GENERALLY. HE LISTENS WITH MUCH INTEREST TO SOME PLEASING ANECDOTES ABOUT THE LITTLE INCIDENTS FREQUENTLY MET WITH—SUCH AS BALLS GOING THROUGH CAPS—TOES BEING SHOT OFF!—OCCASIONALLY BEING GORED BY THE ANTLERS OF INFURIATE STAGS, &c., &c., &c.

THE ROYAL HART MR. BRIGGS DID *NOT* HIT.

TO GET AT HIM, THEY ARE OBLIGED TO GO A LONG WAY ROUND. BEFORE THEY GET DOWN, THE SHOWER, PECULIAR TO THE COUNTRY, OVERTAKES THEM, SO THEY "SHELTER A-WEE."

AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF CLIMBING, OUR FRIEND GETS TO THE TOP OF BEN SOMETHING-OR-OTHER, AND THE FORESTER LOOKS OUT TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY DEER ON THE HILLS. YES! SEVERAL HINDS, AND PERHAPS THE FINEST HART THAT EVER WAS SEEN.

THE DEER ARE DRIVEN FOR MR. BRIGGS. HE HAS AN EXCELLENT PLACE, BUT WHAT WITH WAITING BY HIMSELF SO LONG, THE MURMUR OF THE STREAM, THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE, AND THE NOVELTY OF THE SITUATION, HE FALLS ASLEEP, AND WHILE HE TAKES HIS FORTY WINKS, THE DEER PASS!

AS THE WIND IS FAVOURABLE, THE DEER ARE DRIVEN AGAIN.

MR. BRIGGS IS SUDDENLY FACE TO FACE WITH THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN! HE IS SO ASTONISHED THAT HE OMITS TO FIRE HIS RIFLE.

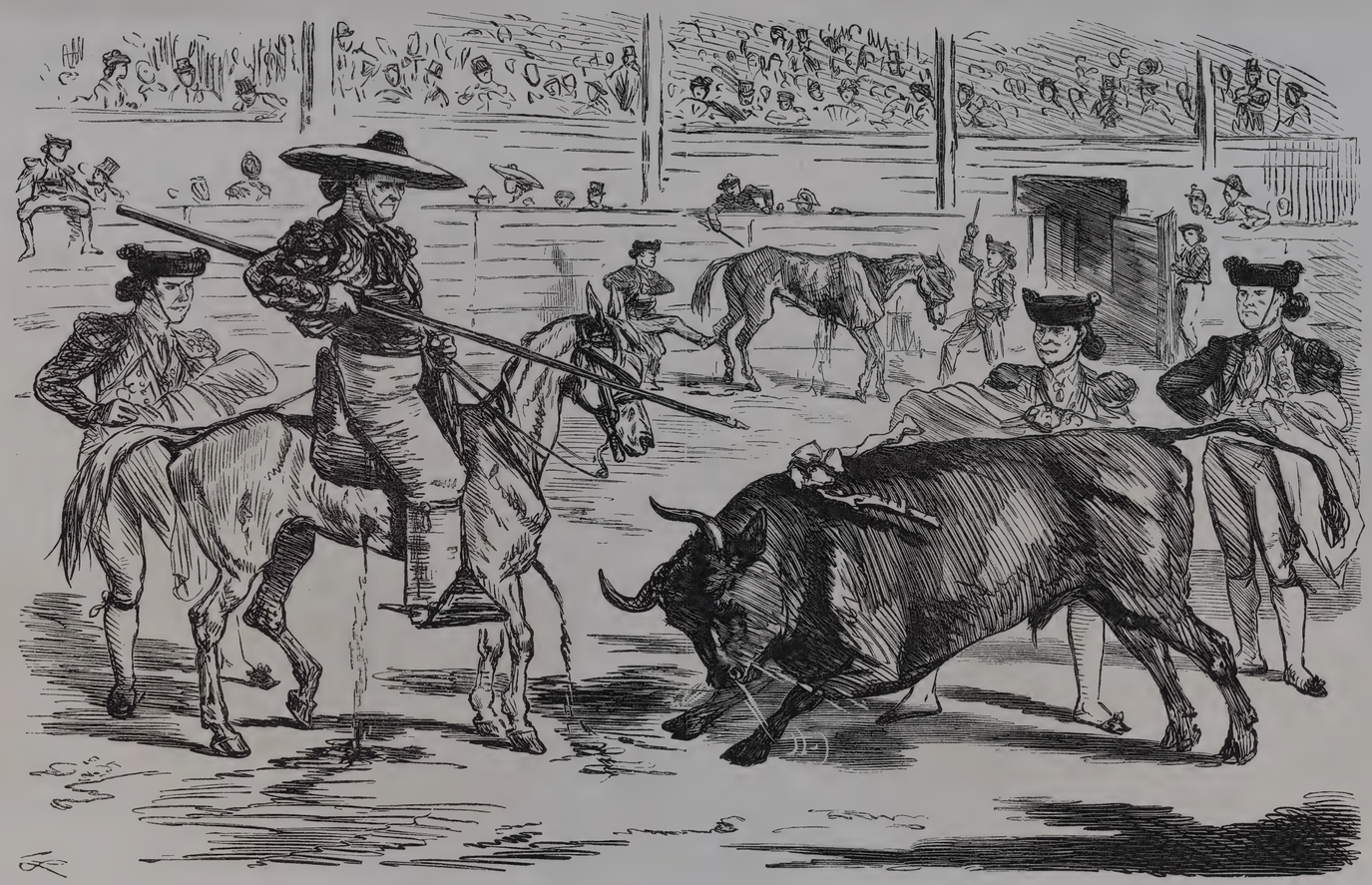
MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S STALKING, AND HIS RIFLE HAVING GONE OFF SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED, HE KILLS A STAG! AS IT IS HIS FIRST, HE IS MADE FREE OF THE FOREST BY THE PROCESS CUSTOMARY ON THE HILLS!

AND RETURNS HOME IN TRIUMPH. HE IS A LITTLE KNOCKED UP, BUT AFTER A NAP, WILL, NO DOUBT, GO THROUGH THE BROAD-SWORD DANCE IN THE EVENING AS USUAL.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

OUR EXCELLENT FRIEND, MR. BRIGGS, ALWAYS SHOOTS NOW IN KNICKERBOCKERS, AND DECLARES THEY ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE THINGS POSSIBLE; AND SO THEY ARE.

PAINFUL AND HUMILIATING CONTRAST, TO THE DISADVANTAGE OF OUR POOR LITTLE ENGLISH TRAVELLER, OF COURSE.



A BULL-FIGHT AT BAYONNE, WITH A LITTLE OF THE TINSEL OFF.

[*Dedicated, with every feeling of disgust, to the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy especially, of Spain and France.*

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

Whipper. "DOOCED NICE PLACE, THIS—ONLY ONE CAN'T SPEAK TO A GAL WITHOUT IT'S BEING REPORTED YOU'RE ENGAGED TO HER."
Snapper. "HAH! I TOOK THE PRECAUTION TO GIVE OUT WHEN I FIRST CAME THAT I WASN'T A MARRYIN' MAN!"

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT.

Jane. "LAWK, JEMIMA! DON'T THEY LOOK BEWTIFLE NOW THEY'VE GOT THEIR LONG COATS!"

MUSCULAR EDUCATION—THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

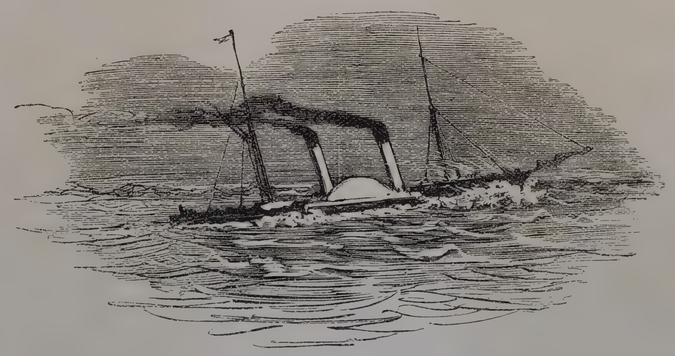
Domestic. "PROFESSOR MAULEY, MA'AM!"

A FANCY SCENE—WINNING THE GLOVES.

FROM THE GRAND PUGILISTIC BALLET OF THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, WHICH MIGHT, COULD, SHOULD, AND OUGHT TO BE PLAYED AT ONE OF THE OPERAS.

AT DIEPPE.

Jones. "H'M! HERE'S A PRETTY TO-DO! CAN'T FIND MY MACHINE NOW!"



MOSSOO RETURNING FROM THE EXHIBITION.

AS HE APPEARS WHEN SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE,—

DIEPPE—MOSSOO LEARNING TO FLOAT.

DAY AT DIEPPE.

AND WHEN VIEWED THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

ALPHONSE AND "LE BEL AZOR."

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.

"THE CHESNUT HAS SURELY BOLTED, JOE?"
"AY! AY! SIR, HE B'LONGED TO A COSSACK IN THE CRIMEA, AND THERE AIN'T NO HOLDING OF HIM WITH BRITISH CAVALRY IN HIS REAR."

SCENE—A PARK. HOUNDS RUNNING.

Keeper. "STOP A BIT, MESTER REGINALD, AND I'LL LIFT ONE ON 'EM UP!"
Mester Reginald. "NOW YOU JUST LET 'EM ALONE, I'M COMING OVER!"

"COME, TOMPKINS, YOU'VE BEEN TITTUPING UP AND DOWN THE PARADE FOR THE LAST HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES. IF YOU'RE GOING OUT HUNTING, YOU HAD BETTER GO."

Noble Swell (*in scarlet*). "HARK! BY JOVE, THAT'S A FIND!"
Party (*in black*). "'COURSE IT IS, MY LORD! JUST THE WAY WITH THEM 'OUNDS. DRAW—DRAW—DRAW—ALL THE MORNING, AND THEN DROP ON A FOX JUST AS VUN'S 'AVIN' VUN'S LUNCH!"

A PRETTY EXHIBITION NEAR BROMPTON.

THIS IS THE WAY THOSE POOR YOUNG SWELLS, HIPPS AND FIPPS, ARE OBLIGED TO GO OUT TO DINNER, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SCARCITY OF THE CABS.

"HANSOM, MISS! YES, MISS! CATTLE OR DOG SHOW?"

GOING OUT TO TEA IN THE SUBURBS.

A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS FOR 1862.

WHO CAN THEY BE? CAN THEY BE "MOSSOOS" GOING TO MAKE A PROMENADE TO RICHMOND! BUT PERHAPS M. ASSOLANT CAN TELL US.

NOT A BAD JUDGE.

Alimentive Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY, WOULDN'T I LIKE TO BOARD IN THAT 'OUSE, JUST!"

AN EXPERIMENT ON A VILE BODY.

Medical Pupil, after dragging a patient round the surgery, succeeds in extracting a tooth. "COME! THAT'S NOT SO BAD FOR A FIRST ATTEMPT!"

THE LAST NEW THING IN CLOAKS.

Pretty Milliner (trying it on). "DO YOU THINK THIS WOULD SUIT THE LADY, SIR?" [*Little Tompkins begins to like shopping rather.*

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—THE MOUSTACHES.

Lady B. (a wicked Marquis). "BUT HAVE YOU MADE ME FIERCE ENOUGH, CHARLES?"
Charles. "FIERCE!—FEROCIOUS!"

MRS. J. HAS THE BEST OF IT.

Paterfamilias. "MRS. JONES! M-MATILDA! WHY!—EH!—WHAT THE DEUCE—?"
Mrs. J. "YES, MR. J. YOU HAVE BEEN GOING ON SO ABOUT THE CRINOLINE, THAT I THOUGHT I WOULD TRY HOW YOU LIKED THIS STYLE OF THING. SO, COME, JONES, COME OUT FOR A WALK!"

Tragedian (eminent, of course). "FECHTER! PAH! HAMLET WITH LIGHT HAIR AND NO POINTS. PAH! THE DRAMA'S GONE!"

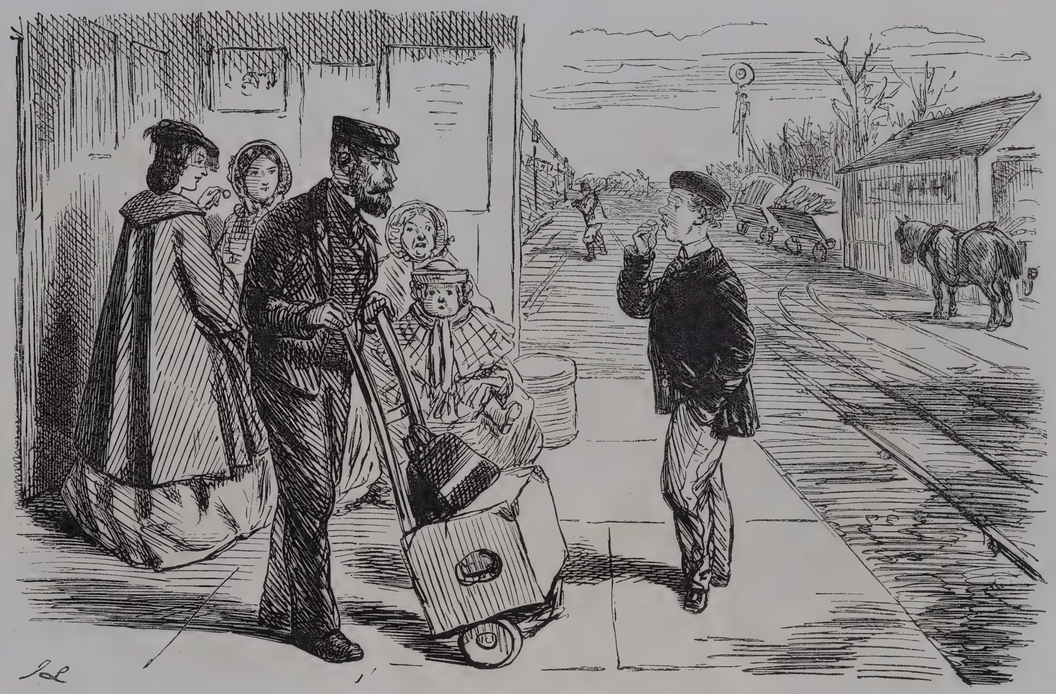
VALUABLE ADDITION TO THE AQUARIUM.

TOM (WHO HAS HAD A VERY SUCCESSFUL DAY) PRESENTS HIS SISTERS WITH A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE CUTTLE-FISH (*Octopus vulgaris*).

TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Gentleman. "WELL, TOM, THERE'S NO SCENT AGAIN!"
Huntsman (*who looks upon Spring time with profound melancholy*). "SCENT, SIR! NO, SIR! NOR I DON'T SEE HOW THERE CAN BE ANY SCENT NOW THEM STINKING VIOLETS IS ALL IN BLOOM."

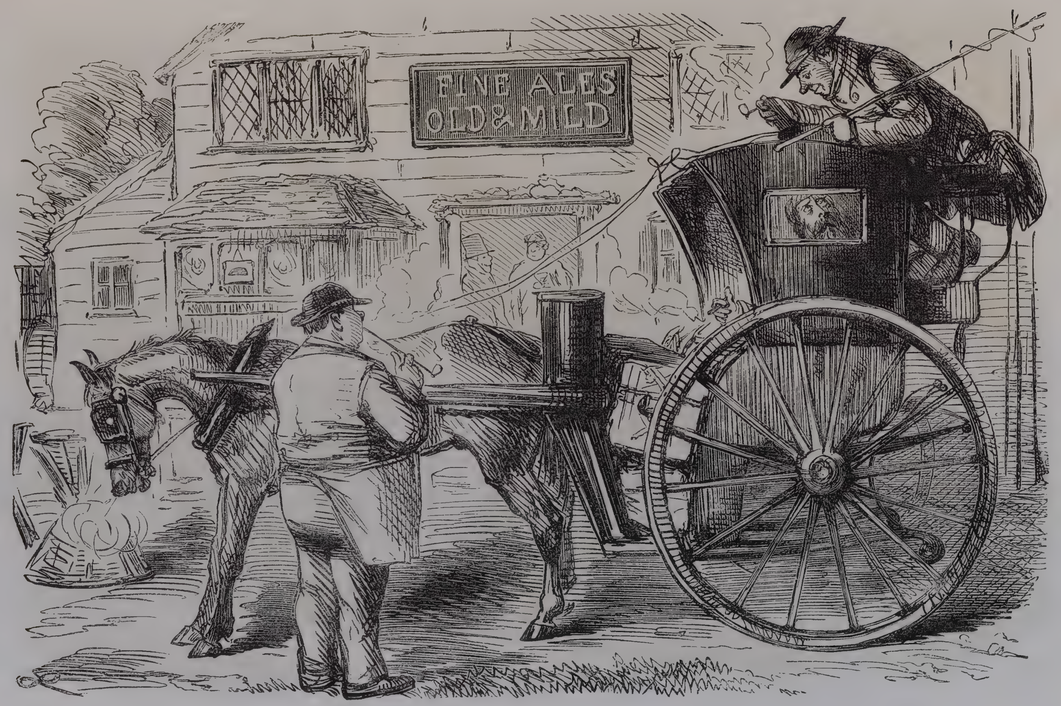
AS LITTLE GRIGLEY IS ON HIS WAY TO CALL UPON THOSE JOLLY GURLS HE MET ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, HE THINKS HE WILL HAVE HIS BOOTS TOUCHED UP. JUST AS THE POLISHING BEGINS, THE JOLLY GURLS COME ROUND THE CORNER. "DOOCED AWKWARD! WASN'T IT?" AS LITTLE GRIGLEY SAID.



Young Stickleback. "POR-TAW! HAVE YOU SEEN A FRIEND OF MINE WAITING ABOUT HE-AW?"
Porter. "FRIEND, SIR! WHAT SORT OF GENTLEMAN WAS HE?"
Young Stickleback. "HAW! TALL—MILITARY-LOOKING MAN, WITH MOUSTACHERS—SOMETHING LIKE ME!"

(A very vulgar subject, indeed—so, if you are painfully genteel, you had better pass it over.)

Boys. "OH, AIN'T HE MOPS AND BROOMS, NEITHER!"
Baker. "WHY DON'T THEY TAKE HIM TO THE STATION?"
Tender Female. "HE'S ILL, POOR GENTLEMAN, HE SHOULD GO TO THE HOSPITAL!"
Cabby (contemptuously). "HILL! 'ORSEPITAL INDEED!—*I ONY WISH I'D GOT ARF HIS COMPLAINT!*"



A TOLERABLY BROAD HINT.

Cabby (after driving a couple of miles, suddenly stops opposite a roadside Public House). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY AS WE WAS TO PULL UP ANYWHERES, DID YOU, SIR?"

EXCITEMENT OF THE HANSOM CABBIES ON THE APPEARANCE OF A SWELL OUT OF THE SEASON.

Dreadful Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY, IF I CAN'T SEE THE OLD GAL'S LEGS THROUGH THE PEEP HOLES!"

NO DOUBT OF IT!

Invalid (in carriage). "NOW, THESE POSTILIONS NEVER SEEM TO BE UNWELL! UPON MY WORD, I VERILY BELIEVE IF I WERE TO CHANGE PLACES WITH THAT LITTLE CHAP, I SHOULD BE EVER SO MUCH BETTER!"

A PROBLEM FOR YOUNG LADIES.

GIVEN, THE ELEGANT REGINALD FIPPS, WHO USED TO WALTZ SO BEAUTIFULLY, PERFORMING THE ABOVE KINDLY AND MOST NEEDFUL OPERATION, AT THE END OF A PIER, WHILE THE BAND IS PLAYING—WHAT RELATION IS HE TO THE DARLING OPERATED UPON?

A SKETCH NEAR LEICESTER SQUARE.

SCENE AT SANDBATH.

THE FEMALE BLONDIN OUTDONE! GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE ON THE NARROW PLANK BY THE DARLING * * * *.

THE LATEST PARISIAN FOLLY—THE SPOON-SHAPED BONNET.

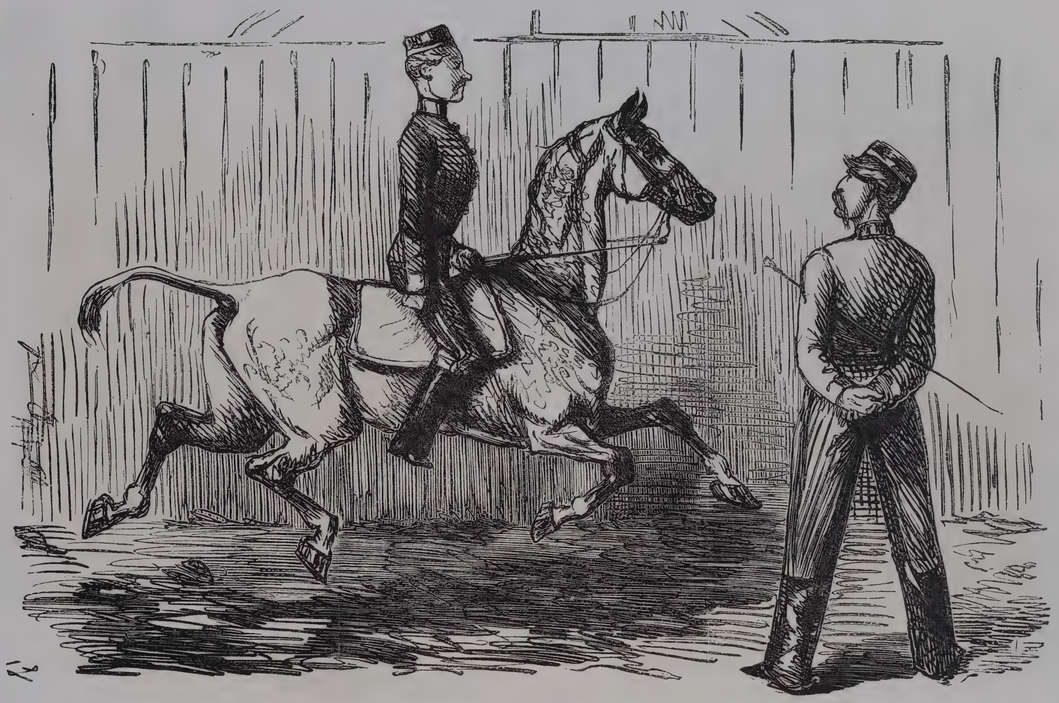
Field Officer of the Day. "HULLO! WHY DON'T THE GUARD TURN OUT?"
Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY'RE GONE TO TARGET PRACTICE!"
Field Officer of the Day. "AND WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU?"
Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M THE PRISONER, SIR!"
[*Related to us as a fact, but which, as a distinguished Field Officer ourselves, we don't indorse.*

THE FRENCH CARICATURISTS, WITH THEIR USUAL ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, ARE FOND OF REPRESENTING OUR SOLDIERS AS CONTINUALLY PLAYING AT BILLIARDS.—WELL! PERHAPS IT WILL BE FOUND THAT THEY *DO* PLAY THEIR *CANNONS* REMARKABLY WELL!

* British Officers of Distinction. ** Daughters of Albion! (The wonderful fidelity of this representation will be immediately acknowledged.
*** Young Guardsmen! (Painful, perhaps, but too true!) † The *Boule Dogue*. (Asleep, of course.)

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Diana. "WELL, ALFRED, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND TO JOIN A RIFLE CORPS—EH?"
Alfred. "WHY, NO. YOU SEE, I'M MORE IN THE RIDING WAY. NOW, IF THEY WILL GET UP SOME VOLUNTEER CAVALRY,—WHY, I'LL FIND A MAN AND A HORSE!"



THE LESSON.

Disgusted Instructor of Plungers. "THERE YOU GO AGAIN! STICKING OUT YOUR TOES LIKE A *HINFANTRY HADJUTANT!*"

CUB-HUNTING.

WILKINSON WONDERS WHY THE DOOCE THEY CAN'T GO OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY.

A HORSEDEALER'S LOGIC.

Customer. "WHY, YOU DON'T CALL *THAT* A HUNTER, DO YOU?"
Dealer. "WELL, SIR, I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW ABOUT THE 'ORSE—HAD HIM DOWN FROM 'ORNCASTLE FAIR LAST WEEK—PUT JIMMY ON HIM, WOULDN'T 'ACK A YARD—PUT HIM IN THE BREAK, WOULDN'T DRAW A HOUNCE. NOW, THE 'ORSE NEVER COULD HAVE BEEN CREATED FOR NOTHING; SO HE MUST BE A HUNTER!"

LITTLE TOM NODDY, WHO IS STILL FOND OF HUNTING, HAS A DAY WITH HIS FRIEND HOLLYOAK, WHO NOT ONLY MOUNTS HIM, BUT RIGS HIM UP IN A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE FOR HIM.

THE RISING GENERATION—A LITTLE SMOKE-JACK.

Small Foxhunter. "HERE! STOP A BIT, MAJOR, HAVE ONE OF MINE! THE GOVERNOR'S AIN'T IN GOOD CONDITION—NOW I'VE HAD MINE FOR EVER SO MANY YEARS, AND THEY'RE SPLENDID!"

DOOSED AGGRAVATING FOR YOUNG CORNET FLINDERS, YOU KNOW.

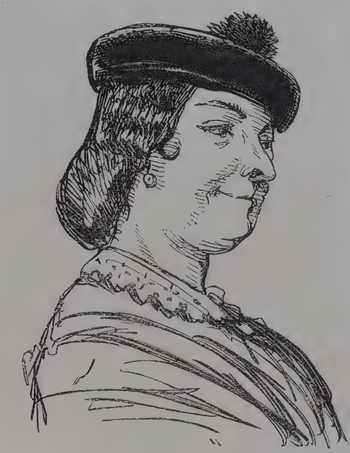
Darling (coaxingly to Favourite Hack). "IT WAS A NICE 'ITTLE SOFT NOSE, IT WAS—AND IT HAD VERY NICE EYES, IT HAD—AND IT WAS VERY HANDSOME, IT WAS—AND IT WAS A NICE 'ITTLE SING ALTOGETHER !!"

A MATTER OF OPINION.

Diana. "YES, DEAR—I MUST SAY THAT I THINK A GIRL NEVER LOOKS SO WELL AS SHE DOES IN HER RIDING HABIT!"

THE LAST SWEET THING IN HATS.

A NICE SENSATION FOR BRIGHTON.—POP OVER THE RAILS AND HAVE A GALLOP ON THE RACECOURSE.



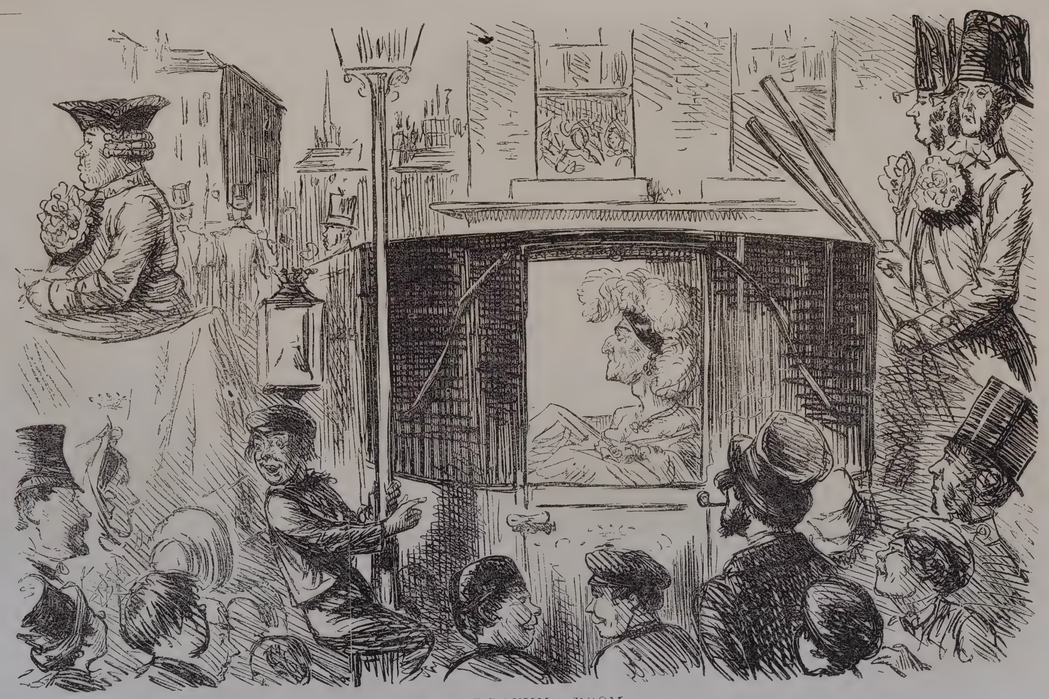
THE DEAR LITTLE SPANISH HAT.

OH, SO CHARMING, AND SO MUCH MORE SENSIBLE THAN A HORRID BONNET!

Yes, on some people.—PUNCH.

A DELICATE HINT.

Sentimental Young Lady (to Friend). "OH, ISN'T IT A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE THE POOR HORSE DRINK?"
Driver (confidentially and insinuatingly). "SURE, THIN, IT WOULD BE A DALE PRETTIER SIGHT, MISS, TO SEE *ME* DRINK!"



THE DRAWING ROOM.

(A STOPPAGE OF A FEW MINUTES IS SUPPOSED TO TAKE PLACE.)
Dreadful Boy (on Lamp Post). "OH! MY EYE, BILL! 'ERE'S A ROSE BUD!"

THE CHRISTENING OF JONES' FIRST. (A FACT.)

First Street Boy (without veneration, or sense of propriety). "HOLLA! BILL! WHAT'S ALL THIS 'ERE?"
Second Street Boy (without ditto, ditto, ditto). "WHY—DON'T YER SEE?—IT'S ONLY A KITTEN GOING TO BE 'UNG!"

SCENE—A MAN'S ROOMS IN THE TEMPLE.

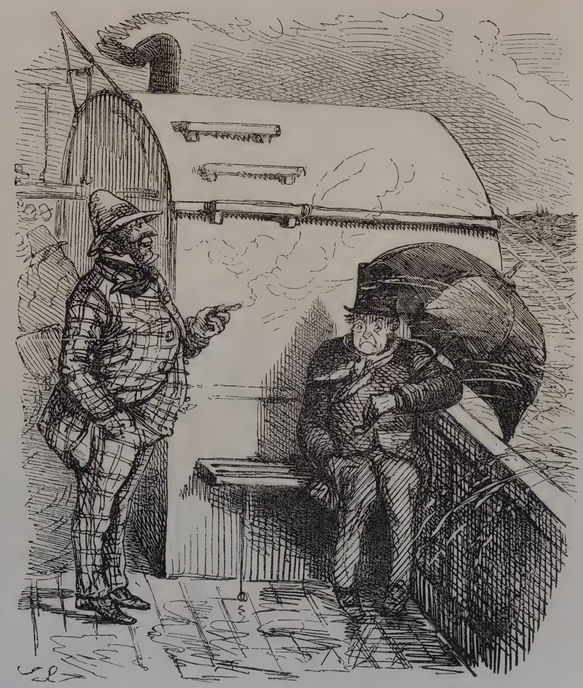
(STEADY MAN SMOKES A SHORT PIPE, AND JAWS AT THE YOUNG SWELL LOUNGING IN EASY-CHAIR.)

Steady Man. "A MAN MUST *WORK* NOW-A-DAYS, OR HE GETS LEFT BEHIND. THE ONLY POSITION WORTH HAVING, IS WHAT YOU MAKE FOR YOURSELF," &c., &c.
Youthful Swell. "OH, YES, I QUITE AGWEE WITH YOU ABOUT WORK. I DON'T MIND WORK, YOU KNOW, IN A GENEWAL WAY—BUT I OBJECT TO WHAT I CALL 'WORK OF SUPERWEWOGATION!'"
Steady Man. "AND PRAY WHAT DO YOU UNDERSTAND BY THAT?"
Youthful Swell. "WHY—I MEAN I DON'T CARE TO DO ANYTHING I CAN GET DONE FOR ME!"

HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

IF YOU ARE OBLIGED TO CROSS THE CHANNEL, GET AS NEAR MID-SHIPS AS POSSIBLE (NEVER MIND THE MOVEMENT OF THE ENGINES, OR THE SMELL OF THE OIL), AND—IT WILL BE SOONER OVER.

Old Party (*very naturally excited*). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! YOU ARE WIPING MY PLATE WITH YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!"
Waiter (*blandly*). "IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR—IT'S ONLY A DIRTY ONE!"



Fiend in human shape. "DON'T FEEL WELL! TRY A CIGAR!"

DEBATE ON THE NEW MINISTRY.

Smike. "I SAY, BILL, HOW ABOUT THE DERBY THIS YEAR?"
Bill. "OH, NOTHIN' BUT A OAX! NOTHIN' BUT A OAX! BARRIN' THE PUN!"

MOST FLATTERING!

Miss Stout. "YOU SEE, DEAR, I THOUGHT YOUR SWISS DRESS SO PRETTY, THAT I HAVE MADE ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT. WHY, WE SHALL BE TAKEN FOR SISTERS!"

EXTRAVAGANCE.

"NOW, YOUNG UNS, CUT AWAY—BLOW THE EXPENSE!"

THE GALE.

"DON'T BE ALARMED, DARLINGS—THE CAPTAIN HAS GOT QUITE ENOUGH TO DO TO LOOK AFTER HIMSELF."—*Punch.*

REPOSE.

YES! BUT WE ARE SURE THAT IF ELLEN KNEW WHAT A FIGURE FREDERICK MADE OF HER BY SPRAWLING ON THE CLIFF JUST BEHIND HER, SHE WOULDN'T BE SO QUIET.

RATHER VULGAR, BUT PERFECTLY TRUE.

Boatman (in the distance). "I SAY, JACK, GOT A MOSSEL O' BAIT TO SPARE?"
Jack. "WELL, I CAN'T LET YER HAVE NO WUMS; BUT I DON'T MIND LENDING YER A BIT O' BULLOCK'S LIVER TO OBLIGE A LADY!"

WIGGLES AND SPROTT PREFER BATHING FROM THE BEACH TO HAVING A STUFFY MACHINE. THEY ARE MUCH PLEASED WITH THE DELICATE LITTLE ATTENTION INDICATED ABOVE!"

First Elegant Creature. "A—DON'T YOU DANCE, CHARLES?"
Second ditto, ditto. "A—NO—NOT AT PWESENT! I ALWAYS LET THE GIRLS LOOK, AND LONG FOR ME FIRST!"

LA MODE—THE ZOUAVE JACKET.

Miss Stout. "WELL NOW, DEAR, I CALL IT CHARMING, AND SHALL MOST CERTAINLY HAVE ONE MYSELF!"

A VISIT TO THE STUDIO.

Mr. Ochre (through whose frame a thrill of horror is supposed to be passing). "UGH! MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT, CHARLEY. MIND MY OPHELIA; MIND MY OPHELIA! YOU'LL KNOCK HER OVER, AND SPOIL ALL HER FOLDS!"

Confounded good-looking Hibernian Friend (to Jones). "ADIEU, ME BOY! IS THERE ANYTHING I'LL DO FOR-R-R YE WHILE YE'RE AWAY? WILL I RIDE OUT, OR WALK WITH MISS PLUMLEY FOR-R-R YE, NOW! ONLY SPAKE THE WOR-R-RD!"

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO KILLED THE GREATEST NUMBER OF SMALL BIRDS.

[*To be hung up in all Sparrow Clubs.*

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

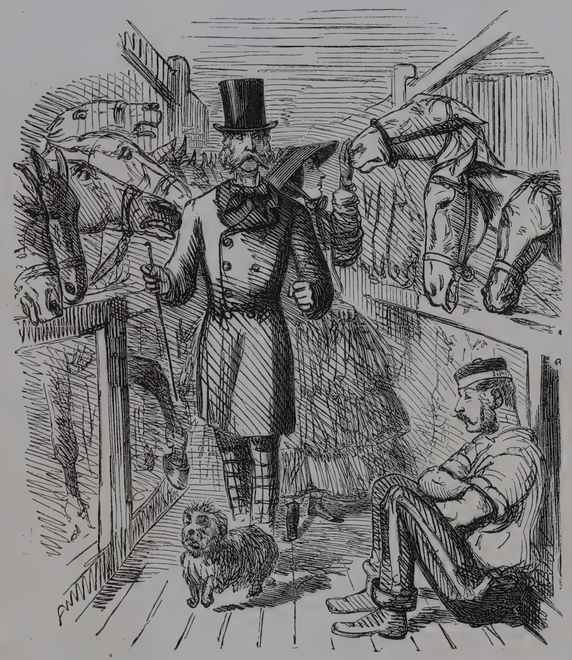
Mr. Bristles. "THEN YOU REALLY THINK IT AN IMPROVEMENT, EH?"
Miss Spikes. "DECIDEDLY—IT HIDES SO MUCH MORE OF YOUR FACE."

FROZEN-OUT MEDIUMS.

"WE'RE NOT WORTH A RAP, AND WE'VE GOT NO WORK TO DO!"

LA MODE.

Rude Boy. "OH, IF 'ERE AIN'T A GAL BEEN AND PUT ON A DUSTMAN'S 'AT!"



No. 999 GOVERNMENT TRANSPORT, OFF QUEENSTOWN—VISITORS ON BOARD.

Party (in cheering tone, calculated to impart confidence to the weaker sex). "FOLLOW ME, FOLLOW ME—THERE'S NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, I ASSURE YOU. WOA—WO—WO—MY MAN—STEADY, MARE—WO! (*sotto voce.*) I'M DEUCED GLAD IT'S THEIR HEADS INSTEAD OF THEIR HEELS—WO!"

NOT SUCH A BAD THING IN A SHOWER!

THE HOUR BEFORE DINNER—NOT THE WORST PART OF A DAY'S HUNTING.

FOR DOWNRIGHT HEALTHY EXCITEMENT, WE RECOMMEND A DAY'S HUNTING IN A GALE OF WIND.

THIS IS JONES, WHO THOUGHT TO SLIP DOWN BY THE RAIL EARLY IN THE MORNING, AND HAVE A GALLOP WITH THE FOX-HOUNDS. ON LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW, HE FINDS IT IS A CLEAR FROSTY MORNING. HE SEES A SMALL BOY SLIDING—ACTUALLY SLIDING ON THE PAVEMENT OPPOSITE!! AND—DOESN'T HE HATE THAT BOY—AND DOESN'T HE SAY IT IS A BEASTLY CLIMATE!!

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT—CHAIRING THE BEST SHOT IN ENGLAND.

Fair Equestrian. "NOW, DON'T BE A CROSS OLD PUNCH; WE REALLY WON'T SPOIL THE BEAUTY OF THE GARDENS."

WHILE THEY ARE AT SCARBOROUGH, PATERFAMILIAS THINKS HIS LITTLE ONES OUGHT TO LOSE NO OPPORTUNITY OF DRINKING THE WATERS.

CRICKET.—CAPITAL PRACTICE FOR THE ROUND BOWLING OF THE PERIOD.

Porter. "NOW, MARM, WILL YOU PLEASE TO MOVE, OR WAS YOU CORDED TO YOUR BOX?"

WITH A PARDONABLE VANITY, TOMKINS, WHO HAS JUST JOINED HIS RIFLE CORPS, INVITES ARABELLA (TO WHOM HE IS ENGAGED) AND HER SISTER TO SEE HIM DRILLED. EVERYTHING MUST HAVE A BEGINNING, AND HE IS PUT THROUGH HIS "GOOSE STEP" BEFORE THE NOT-ADMIRING EYES OF HIS DARLING!

Bacon Fancier. "THERE, NOW!—THAT'S MY STYLE!"

IMMENSE TREAT FOR THE PARTY CONCERNED.

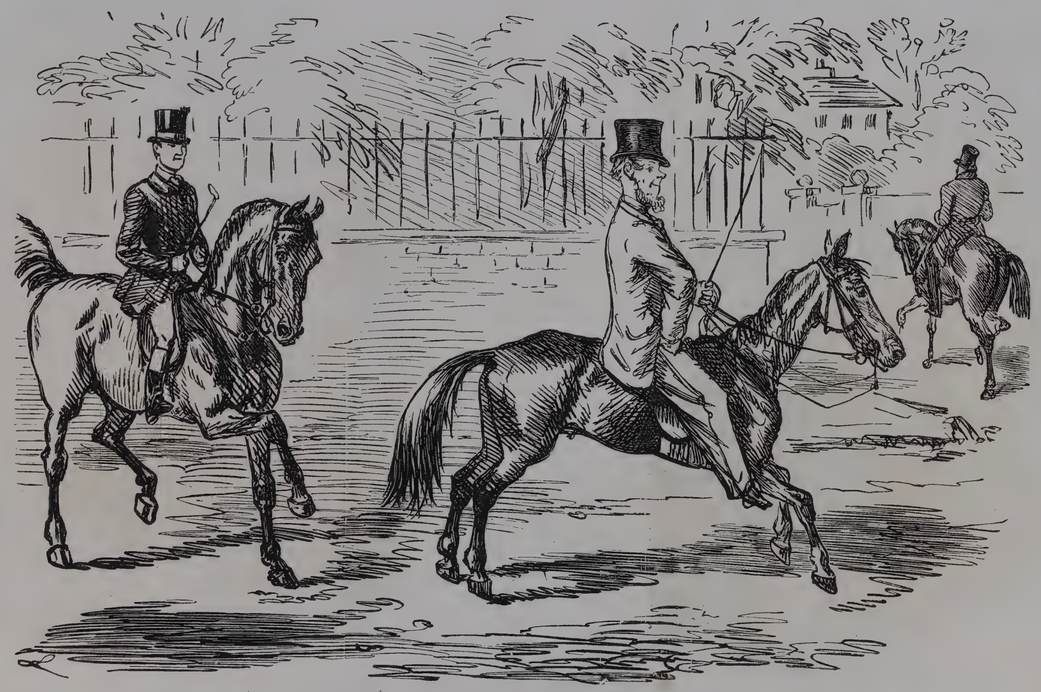
Master Jack. "NOW, GRANNY, YOU MAY COME AND HAVE SOME JUMPS OVER OUR DAISY CHAIN."

A SOU-WESTER IN A SEA-SIDE LODGING HOUSE.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Brown. "SO, YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY OLD MRS. YELLOWBOYCE. WELL, I THINK YOU'RE A DOOCED LUCKY FELLAH!"

Jones. "BY JOVE, I DON'T THINK THE LUCK IS ALL ON MY SIDE! IF SHE FINDS MONEY, HANG IT, I FIND BLOOD AND—HAW—BEAUTY!"



PORTRAIT OF TOMKINS, UNDER THE DELUSION THAT THE PUBLIC TAKES THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S GROOM FOR HIS.

THE NICE LITTLE DINNER.

Tommy (*who is standing a feed to Harry*). "OH, HANG IT, YOU KNOW, FOURTEEN BOB FOR A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE! THAT'S COMING IT RATHER STRONG, AIN'T IT?"

Waiter (*with perfect composure*). "WE HAVE SOME *CHEAP* WINE, SIR, AT HALF-A-GUINEA!"

PATERFAMILIAS, WITH HIS USUAL PRUDENCE AND FORESIGHT, ORDERS A QUANTITY OF BEER OF THE OCTOBER BREWING. HE HAS JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT ALL THE BARRELS ARE "A-WORKIN' AND A-BUSTIN'!"

JONES PREPARES A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIS MARY ANN, AND HAS HIS EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT TAKEN. HE REMARKS, "'ANG IT, YOU KNOW, IF I DO HAVE MY CARTE DONE, I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T 'AVE MY 'ORSE!"

PRUDENCE.

Matilda (with the hat). "WELL, DEAR, NO ONE EVER PRESUMED TO ADDRESS *ME;* STILL, AFTER ALL THE LETTERS IN THE PAPERS, I THINK NO GIRL OF PREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE SHOULD EVER GO OUT UNPROTECTED; SO I ALWAYS TAKE THOMPSON NOW!"

THE CROWDED STREETS.

Boy. "NOW, MISSUS, THERE'S NO BUSSES, KITCH 'OLD OF MY HARM, AND I'LL TAKE YER OVER!"

Jones (who is naturally proud of his first-born). "A LITTLE DARLING, AIN'T HE?"
Bachelor Friend. "H'M, HA! I SEE—YOUNG GORILLA! IS HE REAL OR STUFFED?"

AN EAST WIND JOKE.

Brown. "AH, TOMKINS! HERE'S A MERRY SPRING TO YOU."
Tomkins. "THE SAME TO YOU, BROWN, AND MANY OF THEM, IF YOU COME TO THAT!"

Street Boy. "I SAY, COOKY? THEY JUST ARE A-FININ' OF 'EM ALL ROUND THE SKVARE—GIVE US A SHILLIN' AND I'LL SWEEP YOUR DOOR AFORE THE PLEECEMAN COMES."

DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Tailor (measuring). "TRIFLE WIDER ROUND THE *CHEST*, SIR, THAN YOU WAS!"

FELLOW FEELING.

Cabby. "NOT GOT NO MONEY?—NEVER MIND, SIR,—JUMP IN! I CAN'T STAND SUCH AN OSSEY-LOOKING GENT AS YOU TO GO ABOUT A-WALKING!"

Boy. "I SAY, SIR—HEAVE US UP TO HAVE A LOOK AT THEM PICTURES!"

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